

Historical Facts
and
Thrilling Incidents
of the
Niagara Frontier

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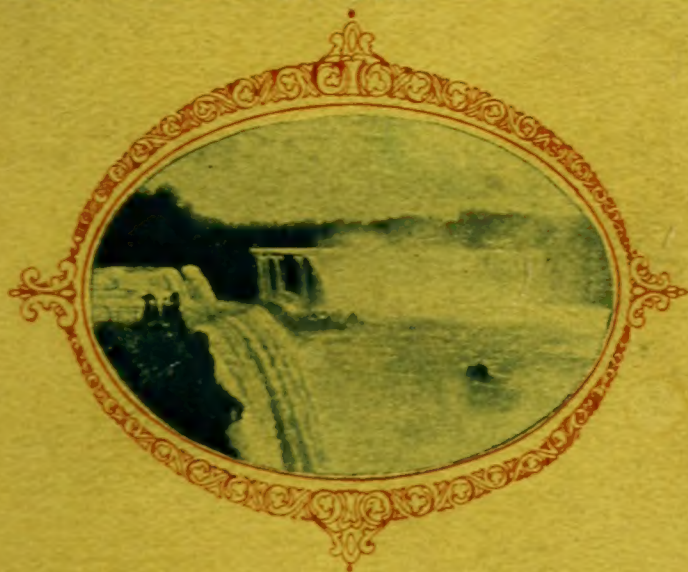
Levell J. Potter
July 26th 1913.

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AND

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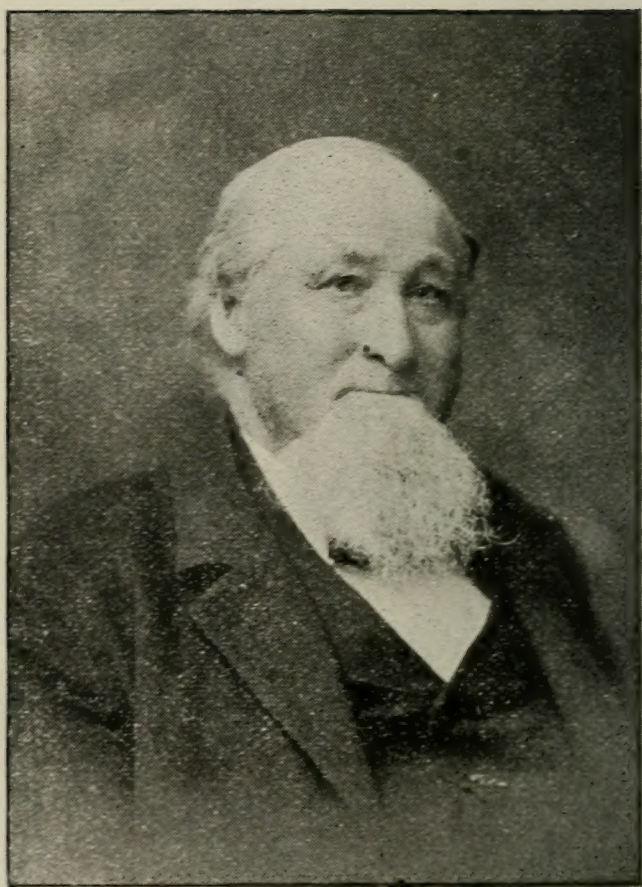
(SECOND EDITION)

By **DAVID YOUNG**

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PREFACE.

The Falls of Niagara are among the most wonderful works of nature, and since their first discovery by Father Hennepin in 1678, rich and poor, high and low, kings and plebians, have done homage to this wonder of wonders. All nations of the world have furnished their quota of tourists to this center of attraction. Consequently many stirring events have taken place in this vicinity, which prove the old adage that "Truth is stranger than fiction." The Niagara Frontier is rich in historical facts, many battles having been fought near the boundary line in the early days. The writer, who has lived within the roar of the Cataract for nearly three-fourths of a century, is well acquainted with some of the incidents herein narrated, and the facts contained in this book have been secured from the most authentic sources. The book will be found very valuable to all interested in our Frontier History, and will supply a want long felt by the travelling public.

The Niagara River

This picturesque river extends from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario, a distance of 36 miles, and through it passes all the waters of the great lakes of the west, including Lakes Superior, Michigan, Huron, St. Clair and Erie, forming the largest and finest body of fresh water in the world. It has a fall from Lake Erie to the falls of 68 feet on the American and 78 on the Canadian side. The American Fall is 160 feet high and the Canadian or Horse-shoe Fall is 150 feet in height. From the base of the falls to Lewiston, a distance of 7 miles, there is a fall of 104 feet; and from Lewiston to the mouth of the river at Lake Ontario, a distance of 7 miles more, there is a fall of 2 feet, making a fall of 334 feet from lake to lake.

This river is dotted with numerous beautiful islands, 36 in all, the largest of which is Grand Island containing about 17,334 acres of land. But the one which is of the most interest to the tourist is Goat Island, which divides the American from the Canadian or Horse-shoe Fall, and is now included in the State Reservation.

As the river is the dividing line between the United States and Canada, many stirring scenes have taken place near its shores. Numerous and bloody battles have been fought within its vicinity. For more than 100 years there

was war between France and England, and the contest did not cease until 1763, when French rule in North America was wiped out. So that from the earliest days of the rule of the American aborigines to the close of our own war of 1812, its borders have been the scenes of many conflicts and of deeds of heroism and valor.



The Griffin

The Griffin was a vessel, of about 60 tons burden, built near the mouth of Cayuga Creek, by LaSalle, assisted by Father Hennepin, in the years of 1678—9.

On the 17th day of August, 1679, her sails were spread to the winds of Lake Erie making fearlessly for the midst of the great fresh water sea.

On his way across the lakes, LaSalle marked Detroit as a suitable place for a colony, gave name to Lake St. Clair, planted a trading house at Mackinaw, and finally cast anchor at Green Bay. Here, to retrieve his fortune, he collected a rich cargo of furs, and sent back his brig to carry them to Niagara. But unfortunately, the brig, with the cargo, was lost on her way down the lakes, and no reliable information was ever obtained of her fate.



The old Stone Chimney

On the American side of the river, about one and a half miles above the Falls, there is still standing an old chimney as a relic of scenes of strife in days that are past and gone. This chimney stands on land now owned by the Cataract Construction Company and within a quarter of a mile of the power house of the great tunnel. We understand they intend to preserve it. It was built by the French in 1750. And close by are still marks of old Fort Schlosser, which was then called Fort DuPortage. All of which was destroyed by fire in 1759, the French making their escape into Canada when being threatened with an attack by the British under Sir Wm. Johnson who had just captured Fort Niagara. But this chimney was so substantially constructed that it passed through the fire unharmed. Soon after this the fort and barracks were rebuilt by the English troops under command of Captain Joseph Schlosser, a German, who served in the British army and was afterwards promoted to the rank of colonel, and died in the Fort. An oak slab on which his name was cut was standing at his grave just above the fort as late as the year 1808. On the west side of the aforesaid chimney are still standing some of the surviving trees of the first apple orchard set out in this region, and as early as 1796 it was described as being a well fenced orchard, containing 1200 trees, only a few of which are now remaining. The building which was er-

ected by the English to the old chimney was afterwards used as a dwelling house by different persons, among whom was the late Judge Porter, who occupied it in the years of 1806,—7—8, when he removed to the Porter homestead on Buffalo avenue. This building was afterwards converted into a tavern for the accommodation of visitors to the Falls and travellers en route to the west, and was so occupied when again destroyed in 1813 by the British who made a raid on this side of the river. Some of the inmates made their escape by hiding in a deep ditch running through a large meadow on the east side of the house, and others, thinking to make their escape by way of the orchard on the west side, were met by the Indians, who lay in ambush, and were either killed or taken prisoner.

Afterwards another building was put to the old chimney which was used for a farm house for many years, in which the writer had the pleasure of eating some good meals that were cooked in the fire place of the "Old Stone Chimney," which has withstood the storms of nearly 150 years and passed through a fiery ordeal at two different times.



The Campaign of 1759

The Campaign of 1759, was between the French and British, the latter being victorious gaining undisputed possession (except by the Indians) of the whole

continent from the shores of the Gulf of Mexico to the frozen North, and from ocean to ocean. Peace was declared in Paris on February 10th, 1763.



Indian Strategy

In 1763, Pontiac, a sagacious Ottawa Chief, and a former ally of the French, thought that if the English could be subdued the Indians would again be lords of the forest. So by various kinds of strategy, on the 7th of July nine of the British forts were captured which were all of the forts west of Oswego, excepting Fort Niagara, Fort Pitt and Detroit. At length the Indians grew weary of war, and peace was declared. Pontiac died three years afterwards.



Devil's Hole Massacre

The Devil's Hole is a picturesque place on the American side, about a mile below the Whirlpool. It is here where on the 14th of September, 1763, the Seneca Indians, smarting under English rule, lay in ambush for a British supply train on its way from Schlosser to Lewiston. And as the doomed company carelessly filed along the brink of the chasm, a murderous volley was fired by the hidden savages, who then sprang forth thirty or forty to one of the survivors, and butchered them with

tomahawk and scalping knife. Crazed by the din of firearms and the yells of the savages, part of the teams went off the rocky wall; and even the men in some cases, rather than be hacked to pieces on the spot or roasted at the stake, flung themselves from the cliff. Among the latter was a drummer boy named Mathews, who fell into a tree top, from which he descended without mortal injuries. It is said that only three survived this savage onset. John Steadman, who commanded the supply train, seeing the fatal snare at the first fire of the Indians, spurred his horse through the leaden hail and made his escape, reaching Fort Schlosser in safety. A wounded soldier concealed himself in the dense evergreen bushes and thus escaped the knife and the hatchet; and the drummer boy who was saved by lodging in the tree top. These were the only ones left to tell the sad tale.

The firing had been heard by the guard posted at the lower landing, and suspecting the state of the case, they hastened up the Portage Road. The savages had time to complete the destruction of the train and its escort and ensconce themselves again in the bushes, with rifles reloaded and tomahawks all ready, before the reinforcements reached the spot, when the massacre was renewed. A shower of bullets from the thicket tore through the close lines of the detachment, felling more than one half of the troops; again the thirsty savages, sallying from their cover, swarmed around their prey, and the

scalping knives yet dripping with blood from their latest use, were bathed anew in human gore. Only eight men escaped with their lives, who bore the horrible tidings to Fort Niagara. The number of killed is variously estimated as being from 80 to 250.

The little rivulet falling into the glen, and called Bloody Run, first became such on that dreadful day when its waters were crimsoned by the butchery upon its banks. The passerby now looks from his carriage down the gloomy pit, which yawns close beside the roadway, into the bristling treetops that hide its lowest depths, and shudders to think of the situation of the men who judged it best to cast themselves into this deep and rugged chasm. Yet one who made this choice long outlived every other actor in this awful tragedy—the drummer Mathews—who died at Queenston at the advanced age of 90 years.



Tuscarora Reservation

The Tuscarora Reservation is situated about seven miles northeast of Niagara Falls and consists of 7,620 acres of land. The Reservation has the appearance of any other agricultural neighborhood. The present population is about 460. They have two churches, Presbyterian and Baptist, and the community is a well behaved one. The Indian children now receive school training, and many of them show a marked degree of

intelligence, and an aptitude for learning.



The War of 1812

The reasons for the war with England, as stated by Mr. Madison, President of the United States, in an able manifesto, were British excesses in violating the American flag on the great highway of nations; the impressment of American seamen; harassing American vessels as they were entering their own harbors or departing from them, and wantonly spilling the blood of the citizens of America within the limits of her territorial jurisdiction.



The Surrender of Hull

Previous to the declaration of war, General Hull, in anticipation of that event, had been appointed to the command of a large and well furnished army, intended for the invasion of Canada from some point near Detroit. The expedition was attended with the high hopes of the people, the officers and the men. But notwithstanding these vivid anticipations of success and glory, the entire army was, without apparent cause, surrendered to the demand of General Brock, on the 14th day of August, 1812, which caused a veil of darkness to spread over the face of the whole country.

A Naval Engagement

Two British armed brigs which were lying at anchor under the guns of Fort Erie, were attacked by the Americans, on the morning of the 9th of August, 1812, and both vessels were captured in the most gallant manner. The "Adams" was taken by Captain Elliott in person, assisted by Lieutenant Isaac Roach; and the "Caledonia" by the gallant Captain Towson.



The Battle of Queenston Heights

The battle of Queenston Heights was fought on the 13th day of October, 1812, between the British and Americans the former being victorious, General Scott surrendering with 293 men. General Brock of the British army, was killed about 80 rods northwest of the stately monument on Queenston Heights which now marks his last resting place. The spot where he fell being properly marked.



Capture of Fort George

On the British side of the Niagara River was Fort George, which was captured by the Americans on the morning of the 27th of May, 1813. The American loss was 17 killed and 45 wounded. The British loss, 90 killed, 160 wounded and 100 prisoners.

Battle of Stony Creek

The battle of Stony Creek took place on the 6th of June, 1813, the Americans being victorious, but both of their Generals, Winder and Chandler fell into the hands of the British. On the 24th of the same month the battle of Beaver Dams was fought in which the British were victorious.



Heroine Laura Secord

While the village of Queenston was in possession of the Americans, but few of the older inhabitants remained there. Among the few was Laura Secord and her husband. At their house the American officers were billeted and among them was Col. Boerstler. On June 23rd, 1813, while these officers were at dinner the Colonel talked freely of his intended enterprise—told of his plans to capture Fitzgibbon and his small party at the Beaver Dams. Laura Secord listened to all this and when the officers retired from the house to perform their several duties, she immediately started through the woods to Beaver Dams to inform Lieutenant Fitzgibbon of the intended attack of the Americans.

Fitzgibbon immediately made preparations to give the Americans a warm reception. The result was that the Americans had to surrender. By this surrender Colonel Boerstler, 23 officers and 575 men became prisoners of war. Besides were surrendered the colors of

the 14th U. S. Infantry, 2 cannons, 2 baggage wagons and about 600 stand of arms as substantial tokens of victory. Laura Secord remained at DeCew's house until June 25th when Lieutenant Fitzgibbon had her conveyed to her home.

Mr. Secord and family lived at Queenston for many years, when receiving a government appointment, he removed to Chippawa where he died in 1842. Laura Secord still continued to reside at Chippawa and died in 1868 in the 95th year of her age. In 1860 she was presented to H. R. H., the Prince of Wales, and her brave exploit brought to his notice. He afterwards generously sent her his check for £100, but no acknowledgement of her services was made by the government. She left six children, five daughters and one son, none of whom are now living. Her only son purchased the stone house, hallowed by the presence of the dead warrior, General Brock, and lived there until he removed to Niagara. Laura Secord and her husband are buried in the old cemetery on Drummond Hill. A simple stone marks the spot where this true hearted couple sleeps. This burying ground was the battle field of Lundy's Lane and many of the dead that fell in that fierce conflict mingle their dust with theirs. It is hoped that a suitable monument to her memory will be erected in the near future.



A General Campaign

At the close of the summer of 1813 a plan of campaign was devised, having for its object Kingston, and then Montreal. But, with the exception of capturing some large depots of provisions at Toronto, together with clothing and 11 armed boats, and a considerable quantity of ammunition and several pieces of cannon, the campaign was not very much of a success. So on the 10th of December, McClure abandoned Fort George and through a misconception of his orders he burned the village of Newark (now Niagara-on-the-Lake) and the people who were noncombatants, were turned out into a deep snow, in intensely cold weather. This act was promptly disavowed by the American Government.



British Cross the Border

On the night of Dec. 18th, 1813, 1000 British and Indians crossed the river at "Five Mile Meadow," shooting and plundering the inhabitants and laying low the whole Frontier to Buffalo.

Mr. Lossing says, "Fearful was the retaliation for the destruction of half-inhabited Newark, where not a life was sacrificed; 6 villages, many isolated country houses and four vessels were consumed, and the butchery of innocent persons at Fort Niagara, Lewiston, Schlosser, Tuscaro Village, Black Rock and Buffalo, and in farm houses attested the fierceness of the enemy's revenge.

Perry on Lake Erie

On September 10th of this year, 1813, an exciting battle took place on one of those inland seas which separate the possessions of the two governments. The American fleet on Lake Erie, which had been formed during the past summer, was under the command of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry. It now consisted of the Niagara and Lawrence each mounting twenty-five guns, and several smaller vessels, carrying on an average of two guns each. The enemy's fleet was considered of equal force. Commodore Barclay, its commander, was a veteran officer, while Perry was young and without experience as a commander. The battle began on the part of the Americans about 12 o'clock at noon. Perry's flag ship, the Lawrence, being disabled, he embarked in an open boat, and amidst a shower of bullets, carried the ensign of command on board of the Niagara, and once more bore down upon the enemy with the remainder of the fleet. The action became general and severe, and at four o'clock the whole British squadron, consisting of six vessels, carrying in all 63 guns, surrendered to the Americans. In giving information of his victory to General Harrison, Perry wrote: "We have met the enemy, and they are ours."

This success on Lake Erie opened a passage to the territory which had been surrendered by General Hull, and General Harrison lost no time in transferring the war thither. On the 22nd of

September, he landed his troops near Fort Malden, but to his surprise, instead of an armed force, he met, at the entrance of the town, the maids and matrons of Amherstburg, who in their best attire, had come forth to solicit the protection of the Americans.



American Citizens Impressed

In October, 1807, Great Britain, by proclamation, recalled from foreign service all seamen and sea-faring men who were natural born subjects, and ordered them to withdraw themselves and return home. At the same time it declared that no foreign letters of naturalization could divert its natural born subject of their allegiance, or alter their duty to their lawful sovereign. In the United States by the act of naturalization, a foreigner became entitled to all the privileges and immunities of natural born citizens, except that of holding several offices, such as President and Vice-President.

The prisoners, taken with Scott at Queenston, were sent to Quebec, thence in a cartal to Boston. When the prisoners were about to sail from Quebec, the British officers selected 23 Irishmen to send to England to be tried and executed for the crime of high treason. More would have been taken but when Scott found what was being done he ordered the prisoners to answer no more questions, and they strictly obeyed him.

Two months after this (May 27th, 1813) in the battle and capture of Fort George, Scott made a great number of prisoners. He, as Adjutant-General, (chief of staff) immediately selected 23 of the number to be confined in the interior of the United States, there to abide the fate of the 23 sent to England. He was careful not to select any Irishmen in order that Irishmen might not be sacrificed for Irishmen. In July 1815, 21 returned from England, 2 having died natural deaths.



The Army Disciplined

The campaign of 1813 ended in disgrace and disaster. The hopes of the nation which had been excited by the brilliant achievements with which it opened, sank to despair, when the army, after sustaining a partial defeat, made an abrupt and hasty retreat.

The military spirit of the army was lost. New levies of troops were to be made and the spirit of daring, of confidence and energy, was to be created before they could take the field.

The troops were rapidly assembled at Buffalo, where for three months they were drilled in all the evolutions and tactics necessary to give them the most accurate and thorough discipline. Officers and men were taught the proper distribution of duties between each other, between the different corps, and the different services, from the formation of a column of attack to the pres-

entation of a salute, and to the exchange of the minutest courtesies. It is said that Scott while at Buffalo observed a captain passing a sentinel posted. The sentinel saluted him by carrying arms, and making his musket ring with the action. The captain passed without acknowledging the salute of the soldier. General Scott sent an aide to him to say, that he (the Captain) would take care to repass the Sentinel in 20 minutes, and repair the fault, or take a trial before a court martial.

The apparent though not unprofitable inactivity which had pervaded the American army of the north, during the spring of 1814, disappeared before the rising heat of the summer sun. In the latter part of June General Brown returned to Buffalo, and thenceforward the storm of war, with its hurried tramp, its loud clangs, its heroic deeds and its untimely deaths, was heard swiftly sweeping along the shores of the Niagara.



Capture of Fort Erie

Early in the morning of the 3rd of July, 1814, Scott's brigade, with the artillery corps of Major Hindmen, crossed the river and landed below Fort Erie, while Ripley's brigade landed above. Scott led the van, crossing in a boat with Colonel Camp, who had volunteered his services, and was on the shore before the enemy's picket fired a

gun. The British garrison of Fort Erie consisted of part of the 8th and 100th regiments. It soon surrendered and 170, including 7 officers, were taken prisoners; and sent to the American side. Preparations were immediately made to advance and attack the army of General Riall at Chippawa.



The Battle of Chippawa

Without going into detail we would simply say that the battle was fought on the 5th day of July, 1814, on Chippawa Plains, and was an exciting and in some degree a poetic scene. It was fought at the close of a long, bright, summer day. On one side rolled the waters of the deep blue Niagara, on the other was seen the verdures of the northern forest. The plain on which the hostile forces met was level and smooth as if prepared for the meeting of the warriors of ancient knighthood. The best troops of England wheeled into it over Chippawa Bridge and the regiments of America, cool and determined, marched to meet them in combat. The sun shone down, and brilliant arms flashed in its beams. Each movement of the troops was distinct. As the battle deepened, fine bands of music mingled their melody, in sudden bursts, with the roar of artillery and the moans of the wounded.

A British officer who wrote at the time said, "Numerous as were the battles of Napoleon, and brave as were his

soldiers. I do not believe that he, the greatest warrior that ever lived, can produce an instance of a contest so well maintained, or, in proportion to the numbers engaged, so bloody, as that at Chippawa."

The battle ended, and many were the dead upon that dusty plain, whose last groans had expired with the last rays of the setting sun.

Darkness came on, and wearied with battle and thirsty from heat, each army retired to its camp, the Americans being victorious. The dead woke not from their bloody beds, and the living sank to rest. The wounded and his watcher, the sentinel, and the stars, alone kept the vigils of the night.

The British loss was 138 killed, 319 wounded and 46 missing; total loss 503. The American loss was 60 killed, 248 wounded and 19 missing; total loss, 327. Making a grand total loss of 830 from about 4000 men.



Battle of Lundy's Lane

This battle was fought on the 25th of July, 1814, and began about 40 minutes before sunset and like its predecessor at Chippawa was the closing drama of a long and warm summer day. And like that, too, it signalized among the affairs of men a spot which in the world of nature had been rendered illustrious by one of the great and glorious works of God.

When the battle was about to begin

just as the setting sun sent his red beams from the west, they fell upon the spray, which continually goes up, like incense, from the deep, dashing torrent of Niagara. The bright light was divided into its primeval hues, and a rainbow rose from the waters, encircling the head of the advancing column. In a more superstitious age such a sign would have been regarded, like the Roman auguries, as a precursor of victory. Even now this bow of promise furnished the inspiration of hope, with the colors of beauty.

The world has seen mightier armies moved over more memorable fields and followed by louder reports of the far resounding trumpet of fame, a bloodier scene, for those engaged, a severer test of courage and of discipline, or one whose action was more closely associated with the sublime and beautiful in nature, the world has not seen. The armies were drawn out near the shores of that rapid river whose current mingles lake with lake, and close by was that cataract whose world of waters rushes over the precipice, and, rushing, roars into the gulf below. The ceaseless spray rises like incense to the Eternal Father. The beams of sun, moon and stars fall ceaselessly on that spray and are sent back in many colored hues to the source of light. So it was when wheeling into the field of battle the slant rays of the setting sun returned from the spray encircled the advancing column with rainbow colors. The sun went down to many an eye to raise no more on earth.

With the darkness came the greater rage of battle—charge after charge was made. For a time the faint beams of the moon struggled with the smoke and gave a little light to the combatants, but it was but little. The moon itself became obscured and no light save the rapid flashes of musket and cannon pierced the heavy clouds.

The fight raged in the darkness of the night. From the height on the ridge the battery of the English still poured its deadly fire.

It was then that the gallant Miller said: "I will try." It was then that Scott piloted his column through the darkness to Lundy's Lane. It was then that the brave regiment charged to the cannon's mouth. The battery was taken and victory rests with the American army. (Unfortunately the Americans lost the trophies of their hard-earned victory, as no means of removing the captured artillery were at hand, and General Ripley was obliged to leave it on the field of battle. The British on learning that the Americans had abandoned the field, re-occupied it immediately, and taking advantage of this circumstance, their officers in their dispatches to their government claimed the victory.)

It was midnight. The battle is ended. The army faint and weary drags itself from the field. The well sink to their couch to dream of homes far away. The wounded groan in their painful hospital. The dead rest until the last trumpet shall summon them to the last array. The warrior with his garments

rolled in blood has left the scene of struggles, pain and death. Some kind friend may have sought him whether dead or alive; but the war-drum has ceased to beat; the artillery ceased to roll; and now the solemn, sonorous fall of Niagara is to the dead their requiem, and to the living their song of glory.



Drummond at Fort Erie

After the battle of Lundy's Lane, the American army, now being reduced to 1000 men, fell back to Chippawa, and there converted the works thrown up by the enemy into defences against him. On the report that General Drummond, at the head of 5000 British, was fast approaching, the American camp was hastily broken up, its position abandoned, and a retreat made to Fort Erie, where they strongly entrenched themselves.

On the 3rd of August General Drummond appeared in the neighborhood of Fort Erie, and finding it impossible to carry it by storm, was compelled to commence a regular siege. So between the 3rd and 12th of August, Drummond employed himself in endeavoring to cut off the Americans' provisions, and in the preparatory measures of opening trenches and establishing batteries. On the morning of the 13th he commenced a cannonade and bombardment. This was continued through the day, renewed on the morning of the 14th and continued until 7 o'clock in the evening,

but without any serious injury to the American ranks. At 2 o'clock in the morning of the 15th he made a general move upon the Fort but was repulsed with great loss. According to the British official report their loss was 57 killed, 313 wounded and 539 missing. The total of the American loss was 84.



Sortie From Fort Erie

After the army of Sir Gordon Drummond had infested Fort Erie for 45 days, and erected regular lines and batteries, General Brown determined to storm the batteries, destroy the cannon and defeat the brigade. So at 2:30 p. m. of the 17th of September, General Porter left the camp at the head of a detachment to penetrate a passage through the woods. Being perfectly acquainted with the ground, he with his men, trod silently and circuitously along, when arriving at their destined point, they rushed upon the enemy and so successful was the enterprise that in 30 minutes batteries No. 2 and 3 were in the possession of the Americans with 2 block houses. Soon after battery No. 1 was abandoned and the magazine of No. 3 blown up. The cannon were spiked or dismantled and the garrison taken prisoners.

So great was the British loss that it became apparent that the siege of Fort Erie could not be protracted with any hope of success.

Accordingly, Lieut.-General Drum-

mond broke up his camp during the night of the 21st of September, and returned to his intrenchments behind Chippawa Creek.

Soon after this, the arrival of General Izard placed the Americans on a footing which once more enabled them to commence offensive operations, and leaving Fort Erie in command of Colonel Hindman, General Brown again advanced towards Chippawa. Near this place an affair occurred on the 20th of October, in which Colonel Bissell, with a detachment of 1000 men, gained an advantage over a detachment of 1200, under the Marquis of Tweeddale.

On the 10th of November, the American army abandoned and destroyed Fort Erie, crossed the river and retired into winter quarters at Buffalo, when the war on the Niagara Frontier was in fact ended.



Resume

During the year 1814 there had been a succession of brilliant military actions, and much courage, skill and energy exhibited. Taken all in all, no campaign in American history has displayed more of the qualities of mind and body, art and science, which are more to the character of a true soldier or the success of an army in action. In a little less than 3 months the armies of Riall and Drummond, twice renewed and reinforced by troops from Europe, had been defeated in four pitched battles. In the discriptions we have

given of the several battles, the numbers engaged on either side are stated in each one as near as the materials preserved by history will allow us to estimate.

The following table will show the total loss in killed, wounded and prisoners taken by each army in the different battles:

	American Loss	British Loss
Battle of Chippawa fought July 5th 1814.....	328	507
Battle of Lundy's Lane fought July 25th, 1814.....	860	878
Assault on Fort Erie, August 15th, 1814	84	815
Sortie from Fort Erie, Sept. 17, 1814.....	511	900
Total	1783	3100

If the total number of troops engaged in the several battles on both sides was about 12,000 it follows that nearly one half were among the killed, wounded and prisoners, which is a loss exceeding, in proportion, that of the most bloody battles of Napoleon.



Burning of the Caroline

Although England had governed the Canadas with great moderation, yet in 1837 by the instigation of W. L. McKenzie, a party arose, who claiming independence, passed from secession to armed revolt.

A Mr. Van Renssellear, with some 700 followers, crossed from Schlosser, 2

miles above Niagara Falls, and took possession of Navy Island on the British side of Niagara River.

He then engaged a small boat, called the *Caroline*, to act as a ferry-boat between Schlosser and Navy Island. But the very night, December 29th, 1837, that the *Caroline* commenced her voyages, between these two points, 150 armed men from the Canada side, in 5 boats with muffled oars, proceeded to Schlosser, cut the *Caroline* loose from her moorings, and setting her on fire let her drift over the Falls. She happened to be full of idle people, including boys, not connected with Van Rensselaer, but who had been attracted to the frontier by the rumor of war, and who had simply begged a night's lodging. One man named Durfee was killed and several others wounded. There was only one pistol on board and not a charge of powder.



The Hermit of Niagara

Francis Abbott, a gentlemanly and accomplished young man, of English birth, made his appearance at Niagara Falls on the afternoon of the 18th of June, 1829. For nearly 2 years he led a solitary life, having but little intercourse with anyone. At one time he had a hut on Goat Island, where it was his delight to walk back and forth like a sentinel for hours. At that time a stick of timber 8 inches square extended from Terrapin Bridge 8 feet beyond the

precipice. On this he was seen at all hours of the day and at night, pacing to and fro without the slightest tremor of nerve or hesitancy of step. Sometimes he would carelessly sit on the extreme end of the timber, and sometimes he would hang by his hands or feet. He wrote a great deal but destroyed his manuscript almost as soon as it was written. He was a great lover of music and as a performer on the flute none could surpass him. He built a hut for himself on what was known as Point-view, to which he removed about the 1st of April, 1831. Though his manner was eccentric, he was harmless, and never molested anyone. On Friday, the 10th of June, 1831, he was drowned while bathing below at the Ferry. His body was taken out of the river at Fort Niagara on June 21st, 1831. His remains are now lying at rest in Oakwood Cemetery near Niagara Falls. He was about 28 years of age at the time of his untimely death.



Avery on the Log

On the evening of July 18th, 1853, a man named Hanniman and one by the name of Avery, in the employ of David Brown, who was engaged in boating sand, left French Landing, (now called Port Day) for Schlosser where the boat, upon which they were employed, was lying. But, for some reason, they failed to reach their destination, and were carried down into the rapids. Hanniman was immediately carried

over the Falls, but Avery lodged on a log, nearly midway between Goat Island bridge and the fearful precipice. It being the only place in that portion of the rapids upon which a human being could find footing. The fearful truth of a man being in the rapids just above the verge of the Falls was first discovered at about 4 o'clock in the morning of July 19th, by one of the watchmen of the Cataract House. The fearful intelligence spread like a fire alarm throughout the village. People flocked from all over the country to see him. Boats were lowered and several of them were lost. A raft was made and lowered, and reached him safely. He got on it and tied himself with the ropes placed on it for that purpose. It was floated over towards Chapin Island, but caught fast. A boat was lowered, and Avery stood ready to get into it, but as it neared the raft it made a lunge, striking the raft, the concussion throwing Avery into the river when in a few moments he was carried over the Falls, all efforts having failed to rescue him from his perilous position.

The body of the unfortunate Hanniman was found on the following Saturday, July 23rd near Suspension Bridge, and decently interred by Mr. Sternes, the town poor master. But the body of Avery was never recovered.



Pierce's Novel Brigade

At the junction of the Portage Road with Main Street in this city, there was a public house for many years, which, during the War of 1812, was kept by a man named Gad Pierce, who was an active frontier partisan. When hostilities commenced between the two countries, there was a very small number of troops on the American side of the river, and only a single company to garrison Fort Niagara. It was expected, every night, that the Fort would be attacked by the British, who had a large force of men at Fort George. Mr. Pierce, aware of this state of affairs, one day raised all the inhabitants in the surrounding country, and had them assemble at Lewiston. Horses of every kind were brought into requisition, and, when the citizens were mounted, they appeared at a distance like a formidable troop of cavalry. Among them, too, were several of the Tuscarora Indians, who entered with spirit into the manoeuvre. Instead of swords, they used walking canes, sticks and ramrods. Several of the ramrods were of polished steel or iron, which made a very bright and flashy appearance. The cavalcade moved from Lewiston, along the river road, in sight of the enemy, and entered Fort Niagara. The blankets of the Indians fluttering in the wind, the various habiliments of the farmers, the limping and over-strained plow horse, the nibbling gait and twitching head of the wild pony, with now and then a noble looking horse, formed, to those

who were near, a most ludicrous spectacle. In the fort, they dismounted, and performed some slight evolutions in a most laughable manner. At the command to mount, some of the Indians executed the order in such a masterly way as to throw themselves entirely over their ponies. To the British, the imposing appearance of the troops with their steel ramrods, which glittered in the sun like broadswords, had the desired effect : the contemplated attack was not made.

At the time of the general invasion of the frontior, Mr. Pierce had his family removed to a place of safety, but would not himself quit the premises. He and four others formed the little garrison, with which he determined to defend his home. They waited for the approach of the enemy. At length a company of British regulars appeared and a fire was opened upon them. They continued the defence for some time, but, as their opponents were numerous, it was impossible to keep them at a distance. A part advanced upon the front of the house, and succeeded in breaking down the door, firing their guns as they entered. The defenders effected their escape in an opposite direction without any of their number being wounded. Whether the attacking party suffered any loss was not known.



An Indian Adventure

Just below the mountain and to the right of the road which descends from the Tuscarora village, there lived a man by the name of Sparrow Sage, who was driven away from his home, on the 19th of December, 1813, during the invasion of the Niagara Frontier by the British. But, for the purpose of securing his harvest, he and his wife returned the following summer to their exposed and solitary dwelling. One day, while Mr. Sage was at work in a field some distance from the house, an Indian, attached to the British cause, entered the house and demanded something to eat, speaking in broken English. Mrs. Sage, being entirely alone, immediately obeyed his bidding, in hopes that after eating he would go away. But in this she was disappointed, for as soon as he had finished his repast he informed her that he lived at Grand River, Canada, and that he had come after her to go with him as his squaw. She replied that it could not be, as she already had a husband. "No! no!" he angrily exclaimed, "you very pretty; you must be my squaw; you shall go." In vain she told him that her husband and others were near by and that he had better go away or else he might get killed. The Indian then took down Mr. Sage's gun and, finding it unloaded, put it back again. He then ransacked the house, commanding Mrs. Sage not to leave his sight, at the same time keeping his eyes upon her. He took as much as he

could carry of such things as he mostly desired, and, seizing Mrs. Sage forcibly by the arm, he dragged her out of the back door, and thence towards the woods, in the direction of Fort Niagara, at that time occupied by the British. The husband hearing the screams of his wife, hurried towards the house, seized an ax which was lying at the door, and followed in pursuit. He came up to them at a fence, on the border of the forest. Not letting go his hold, the savage fired at Mr. Sage as he ran towards them. But, luckily, the ball did not take effect, and just as the Indian was raising his victim to throw her over the fence, a blow from the ax broke his rifle and made him let go of Mrs. Sage. Hastily consulting his own safety, he leaped over the fence, but while doing so he received another blow from the ax. The forest resounded with his yells, as he made off with all possible speed into the thick woods. Mr. Sage did not think it proper to pursue, but returning with his wife, they immediately left their dangerous habitation for a place of safety.

Mr. William Molyneaux, the father of Mrs. Sage, had occupied the same residence the winter before, but he and his family were also compelled to flee to a place of safety. About a month after he returned, and, upon entering the house, he found two dead Indians lying upon the floor. A party of American soldiers had come upon them unexpectedly, while they were carousing upon the good fare which the occupants had left. They were, no doubt, abroad

for murder and destruction, and met the fate which they intended for others. Mr. Molyneaux dragged their bodies from the house, and as he had no aid nor time to bury them, he formed around them a large pile of logs and rails, and, setting fire to it, they were consumed. The British Indians considered it quite an affront, and threatened vengeance, but it was an empty threat, as they had already done all the harm they could.



A Narrow Escape

It was in the early morning, on the 19th of December, 1813, the weather being cold, and the bleak winds howling, when the inhabitants of Lewiston were aroused from their quiet slumbers and compelled to leave their comfortable homes and flee from a cruel and relentless foe, who had just crossed the river, and was spreading death and desolation all along the border. The roads had been badly broken up, and were frozen in a state that it was impossible to proceed with wagons, and, there being little snow, only slow progress could be made with sleighs. In the rear of the fugitives, who were hastening with all possible speed along the Ridge Road, was a two-horse sleigh, driven by a young man who walked beside his horses. In the sleigh lay his brother, who one week before had his leg amputated just below the knee. He was in a very feeble condition, and to proceed rapidly, rough as the roads then were, would have been death to him.

Although the enemy was not far in the rear, there was no alternative but to continue the moderate pace at which they were moving. The driver, who was armed with a trusty rifle, would frequently cast anxious glances behind him, knowing that the enemy was not far in the rear. At length the war-whoop of the British Indians, with its accompanying yells, broke upon his ears. The disabled brother besought the other to leave him to his fate and flee for his life. "No" he replied, "if we are to die, we will perish together." The party of Indians that pursued them was in full sight and one, far in advance of the others, called upon them to stop, made threatening gestures, and raising his rifle as if to shoot.

With the same slow pace the horses proceeded, and the driver was coolly collecting himself for the conflict, in which such fearful odds were against him. The Indian sprang forward and was within a few paces of the sleigh, when the young man, suddenly turning himself, quickly raised his rifle and fired upon his pursuer, who fell forward a corpse, his body rolling out of the road. A yell of vengeance, from the band in the rear, came like a knell of death upon the ears of the brothers. At that moment a band of friendly Tuscaroras were seen descending the adjacent hill, and the well directed fire which they opened on the British Indians, obliged the latter to hastily retire.

The driver of the sleigh was the late Hon. Bates Cook, and the invalid was the late Lathrop Cook, names that have

been familiar household words for many years.



Capt. Webb's Last Swim

Capt. Matthew Webb, the famous English swimmer, made the attempt to swim through the Rapids and Whirlpool of Niagara River on the afternoon of July 24th, 1883, and lost his life in the effort.

His body was found on the following Saturday, July 28th, by Richard W. Turner of Youngstown, about a mile and a half below Lewiston.

Capt. Matthew Webb was a native of England and was 35 years of age.

After the inquest held by Coroner Daniel Elsheimer, his body was removed to Oakwood Cemetery at Niagara Falls, N. Y., where it was buried, near the grave of Francis Abbott, on July 31st, 1883, in the presence of his wife and numerous spectators. A small but beautiful monument marks his last resting place.



The "Old" Suspension Bridge

As this was the first Railway Suspension Bridge that was ever built in the world, a brief history of its construction can not fail to be of some interest to the reading public.

For many years the barrier which the Niagara River chasm at this point, two miles below the Falls, placed between Canada and the States had been regard-

ed as an obstacle which should be surmounted, and on April 23, 1846, the present Suspension Bridge Co. received its American charter, and on June 9th, of the same year, it received its Canadian charter. In 1847 the company organized with the following directors :

American Directors — Wash Hunt, Lot Clark, Samuel DeVeaux, George Field, L. Spaulding, I. C. Colton, and Charles Evans.

Canadian Directors—W. H. Merritt, Thomas C. Street, James Cunningham, Charles B. Stewart, James Oswald, Samuel Zimmerman and William O. Buchanan.

The work on the bridge was commenced in February, 1848, by Charles Elliot, Jr. The first connection between the two cliffs was made by a boy named Homan Walsh flying a kite across, and thereby spanning the gorge with a small string. Later a cord was drawn over, next a rope, and so on until one of sufficient strength had been secured to draw over an iron cable of 36 strands No. 10 wire. Two small wooden towers having been erected one on each bank, the wire cable 1160 feet long, was hauled across the chasm, and on the 13th of March, 1848, Mr. Elliot and others crossed in an iron basket suspended from the cable.

This basket was made and designed by Judge T. G. Hulett of this city to aid in the construction of the suspension bridge across the gorge. On the 26th of July following, Mr. Elliot drove a span of horses and a heavy carriage over and back, accompanied by his lady.

This was the first bridge built across Niagara River and was completed in 1848.

In 1853 the railroad bridge was commenced by John A. Roebling, and completed in the spring of 1855.

The first locomotive over the railroad suspension bridge came from the Canadian to the American side March 8th, 1855. On the 9th a special from Hamilton, engine, tender and well filled passenger car passed over. Connections had not been completed on this side until the 19th, when a Central train with a crowd of passengers passed over.



Cantilever Bridge

About 300 feet above the old suspension bridge is the great cantilever bridge. This is a double track railroad bridge designed to connect the New York Central and Michigan Central Railroads. The designs of this structure were worked out jointly by C. C. Schneider, chief engineer in charge of the work, and Edward Hayes, engineer of the Central Bridge Works.

The structure consists of 2 immense steel towers, 139 feet $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches high, resting on stone piers 39 feet high. Each of these towers supports a cantilever 595 feet $5\frac{3}{4}$ inches long. The shore ends of the cantilevers are anchored to the abutment masonry or anchorage piers, and both river arms are connected by an intermediate span of 120 feet which is suspended from the extreme ends of the river arms.

The total length of the bridge proper is 910 feet 4½ inches between the centers of the anchorage piers; the clear span between towers being 470 feet. The height from the surface of the water to base of rail is 239 feet.

The first engine that ever passed over this bridge was the pony engine of Superintendent Burrows. They entered upon the bridge precisely at 11.43 on the 6th day of December, 1883, and moved forward quite slowly, and were two minutes in crossing the bridge proper. Running close to the edge on the Canadian shore, where a stop of some five minutes was made, when the party returned to this side in quicker time. The final test was made on the 20th day of the same month, when 20 heavy engines and 40 loaded cars were run upon the bridge at once.



New Suspension Bridge

About one-eighth of a mile below the Falls is a carriage and foot bridge, built by American and Canadian capitalists. This bridge was built of iron and wood and was completed in 1868, and was opened for traffic Jan. 2, 1869.

This bridge stood the brunt of some terrible gales in safety for a number of years. But what proved to be a most disastrous gale began to show its teeth on the afternoon of the 9th of January, 1889, and gradually increased its force until it gained during the night a vol-

ocity of about 100 miles an hour, when finally, at about 3 o'clock on the morning of the 10th, this beautiful structure yielded to the force of the wind and dropped into the gorge below.

The bridge was immediately rebuilt.



Lewiston Bridge

The Lewiston bridge was commenced in 1849, and finished in 1850. It was blown down by a windstorm on February 1st, 1864. It was replaced a few years ago by the upper suspension bridge



Maid of the Mist

The Maid of the Mist was a staunch little steamer of about 110 tons burden, built in 1854, (the first Maid of the Mist was built in 1846) and was employed in carrying pleasure parties from her landing, which was a little above the Railway Suspension Bridge, to the Falls and back. It being employed in this capacity for a number of years, her owner conceived the idea of running her through the rapids for the purpose of getting her clear of a certain mortgage to which she was subject while in the locality she then was. For this purpose he engaged two sailors who were used to running the rapids in the St. Lawrence river, but when the day came for them to run down the Niagara their courage failed them and they re-

fused to go, so Mr. Joel R. Robinson was appealed to and he agreed to act as pilot for this fearful voyage. Mr. Jones, the engineer, consented to go with him, and Mr. McIntyre, a machinist, volunteered his services.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon on the 6th day of June, 1861, these three men went on board of the boat. Jones took his place in the hold and McIntyre joined Robinson in the wheel house. Robinson took his place at the wheel. Self-possessed and calm, he pulled the bell which was the signal anxiously waited for by the engineer, which was to start them on their perilous journey. Without giving any particulars of the voyage it will suffice to say that they arrived in Lewiston minus her smoke stack in 17½ minutes after passing the railway bridge.

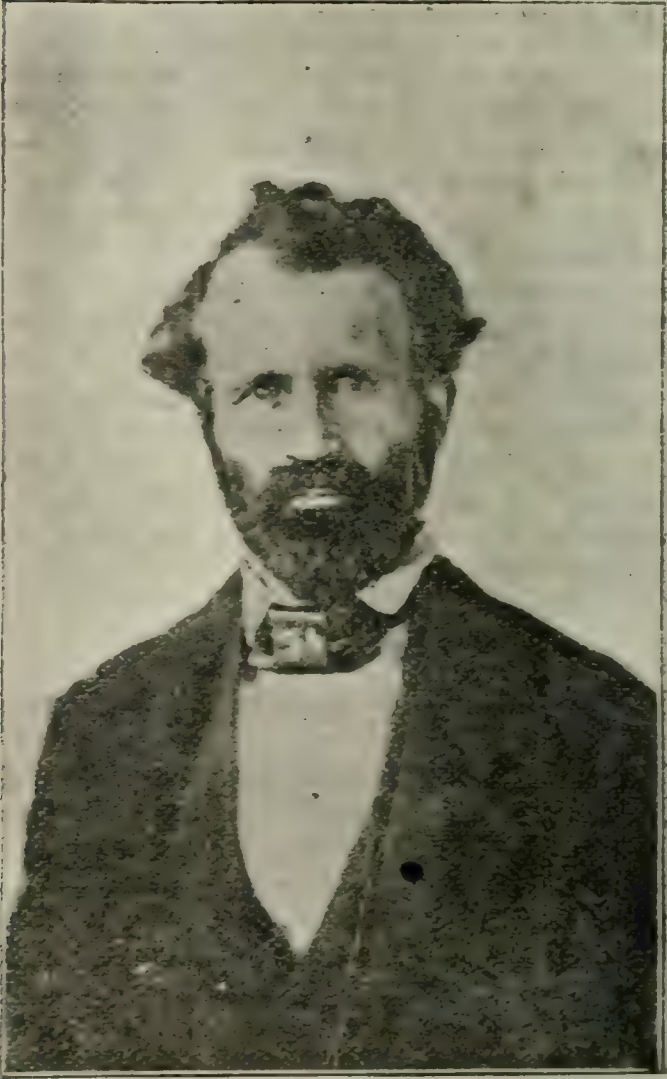


Joel R. Robinson

Joel R. Robinson was born in Springfield, Mass., on the 27th day of September, 1808, and at an early date came to Niagara Falls, which place he made his home until his death. As a navigator of the rapids he had no equal, and whenever it became necessary to rescue a human being from the jaws of those fearful waters, Robinson was always ready to render all the aid in his power.

Without giving any detail of how he rescued Chapin and Allan from their perilous positions on islands which had been considered totally inaccessible, we

will simply say that his laurels as "Navigator of the Rapids" can never fade or decay. They are made perenial by the



JOEL R. ROBINSON

generous motives and human acts through which they were won. Joel R.

Robinson died June 30th, 1863, from a sickness contracted in New Orleans.



Sam Patch

Sam Patch was of obscure origin and was born in Providence, R. I., in 1806. His childhood and boyhood years were passed as a warf rat, spending his days in picking up whatever unconsidered trifles he could find without an immediate claimant, and his nights wherever nightfall found him. He then became a sailor, and being a skillful swimmer amused himself by jumping from yardarms and bowsprits into the sea.

Abandoning the sea he led a roving life on the land, and about the time he reached his twentieth year found himself at Patterson, N. J. He was employed for a time in a cotton mill, and here also he commenced the career that led to his ultimate immortality.

Patterson has, or had in the days of Patch, a famous chasm bridge, suspended some eighty feet over the Passaic river. From the bridge in 1827, Sam made his first daring leap, and became the hero of the hour. After this he went about the country jumping from yardarms and maintops and all sorts of dizzy heights. In this same year the eyes of the whole country were attracted to Niagara Falls, by a widely advertised scheme that a vessel, or as it was called, the Pirate Michigan, would be sent down the rapids and over the cat-

aract with a crew of furious animals on board. Thousands of people from all parts of the country journeyed to Niagara to see that spectacle and on the 8th day of September the brig Michigan, a condemned vessel, was sent over the cataract. On board the vessel was a crew in effigy, an old buffalo, an old and young bear, a fox, raccoon, eagle two geese and a dog. The young bear escaped from the vessel before the Falls was reached, and succeeded in swimming ashore; the rest were carried off with the vessel over the Falls. One goose was recovered below, the only survivor of those that made the descent.

The exhibition created so much excitement that Sam Patch determined to outdo it. Proclaiming as his motto "that some things can be done as well as some others," he avowed his determination to take a leap from the top of Niagara Falls to the river below. On his way to Niagara Sam gave exhibitions wherever he could find a suitable place. Coming to Rochester he undertook to leap the falls of the Genesee, a height of 100 feet. As part of the show Sam had a pet bear which he invariably caused to make the first leap. His first exhibition at Rochester was given in the presence of a large number of spectators, the banks of the river being crowded. Ascending the heights at the place selected, dragging his bear after him, he calmly surveyed the crowd below him and then shoved reluctant bruin off the ledge into the depths below.

The animals' descent was successful and he swam ashore.

Then Sam followed him. Leaping straight down, his feet together, his hands pressed to his side, he shot like an arrow into the pool below. When the crowd saw him emerge from the water a great cheer resounded, and the people rushed to the water's edge, and carried him triumphantly up the bank.

The report of this leap attracted great crowds to Niagara to witness the leap to be made there. The place where it was made is called "Sam Patch's Leap" and is pointed out to visitors to this day. It is on the west side of Goat Island, and is 97 feet from the river below. A ladder was raised, and the bottom resting on the edge of the river, the top of the ladder inclining over the water, stayed by ropes fastened to trees on the bank. A small platform reached from a ledge of rocks to the ladder. From this elevation Sam made two successful leaps in the presence of vast crowds of people.

Sam was now invited back to Rochester, to repeat and even excell his former performance. In November, 1829, the newspaper of the then village contained an advertisement headed "Sam's Last Leap." Then followed the announcement that on Friday, November 13, at 2 o'clock p. m. he would leap from a scaffold 25 feet in height, erected on the brink of the Genesee Falls into the abyss below, a distance of 125 feet. On that chill November day, every available spot on the river bank was crowded with people, who had come

from all over the country to witness the crowning achievement of the great jumper. It was to be his last great feat in the United States. He had already signed the agreement to go abroad, and it was the height of his ambition to leap from London bridge. At the appointed time with a light heart and full of confidence, he reached the Falls and climbed hand-over-hand up a pole to the platform. Standing on the platform and bowing to the vast crowd below him Sam spoke as follows :

“Napoleon was a great man and a great general. He conquered armies and he conquered nations, he conquered Napoleon, but he couldn’t jump the Genesee Falls. This was left for me to do, and I can do it.”

He threw himself forward, but instead of decending in an erect and arrow like position, he fell sprawling, with his arms above his head. When he struck the water, a thrill of horror ran through the vast concourse of spectators, and when after some moments the body did not reappear, the crowd incontinently fled, as if some terrible disaster was coming upon them. For weeks afterward the people of Rochester felt as if they had been accessories of a murder, and earnestly reproached themselves for permitting the fool-hardy undertaking.

The preachers denounced all the spectators as if the brand of Cain was upon them, and charged that they were murders in the sight of God. The body was not recovered until the following spring. Great excitement was experienced

when the news of his death was reported. He now sleeps in an unmarked grave in the cemetery at Charlotte.



Swept Through A Sewer

**Thrilling Experience of Blanche and
Bertha Farrell.**

A small stream, called Muddy Run Creek, running through Niagara Falls, Ont., has its rise a little to the north-west of Drummondville in a springy swamp and never runs dry. As it is the only drainage of the high ridge of Drummondville and the surrounding country, heavy rains and sudden thaws, always make the creek, for the time being, a rushing torrent.

A little west of Erie Avenue, the water from the creek enters a large sewer, about 30 inches wide and 4 feet high, which runs due east for about 460 feet, passing under Erie Avenue and several hotels and business places, the slops and refuse of which is generally emptied into it. It then makes a sharp curve and turns almost due north and runs under Bridge street and the Grand Trunk Railroad yards, emerging in the open stream fully a quarter of a mile from its inlet. Numerous obstructions are in the sewer caused by stone falling in from the various openings which had been made for connections.

On Saturday, January 22nd, 1887, as the creek was beginning to rise on account of a thaw, at about 4 o'clock in

the afternoon the town was thrown into a state of great excitement by the report that Blanche and Bertha Farrell had been swept through the sewer of Muddy Run Creek, and were rescued at the mouth in an insensible condition just in time to save them from being carried over the precipice about 500 feet north of the railway Suspension (now steel arch) Bridge. At the time of the accident a number of children were playing on the banks of the creek. On one side some half dozen small boys were throwing chips and small pieces of boards into the water and watching their course as they were carried along by the rushing water.

On the other side of the creek was a small group of girls watching the boys. Amongst them were little Blanche Farrell aged 10 years, with her youngest sister Bertha, only 4 years and 10 months old, the latter seated on a hand sleigh. From some cause the sleigh, with its precious burden, slid down into the swift current. No sooner had Bertha got into the stream than her elder sister Blanche jumped in after her, and both were swept into the sewer, about 40 feet distant, in which the current was running about 3 feet deep and at the rate of about 15 miles an hour. One of the other girls named Maggie Rose screamed at the top of her voice which soon brought a crowd.

Learning the cause of the alarm, the crowd made all haste for the outlet of the sewer, which they reached none too soon, for scarcely had they reached the opening before Bertha shot out of the

sewer, floating under the water, and before any could make a move was carried down nearly 150 feet and caught under a log. Mr. Wm. Briggs was the first to reach the spot and plunged in and rescued her. While some were looking after Bertha, others were watching for Blanche who came floating out about 15 seconds after, and Adam Dennis plunged into the stream and caught her about 30 feet from the mouth of the sewer. Both children were from appearances lifeless, not even a breath nor a beat of the heart being discernable. The men who had by this time gathered there made every effort to resuscitate them, and observing signs of returning vitality, carried them to a house close by, where Drs. Oliver and Sayers succeeded in restoring the little ones to consciousness. Blanche was the first to recover, and the first thing she said was, "Where is Bertha? I tried to save her, but she got away from me." When told that Bertha was all right she felt more at ease. Being the eldest she realized the danger more keenly and her nervous system was for the time being completely prostrated. Bertha was more composed; being so young, she did not comprehend the danger she had escaped.

The children passed under ground fully a quarter of a mile, and were in the water at least ten minutes, most of the time submerged. Yet, strange as it may appear, there were but few bruises on their bodies.



A Heroic Boy

On Saturday, the 13th of July, 1850, as a boy, 10 years old, was rowing his father, John Williams, from Chippawa over to his home on Navy Island, the father being so much intoxicated as not to be able to assist any more than to steer the canoe, the wind, which was very strong off shore, so frustrated the efforts of his tiny arm, that the canoe in spite of him, got into the current, and finally into the rapids, within a short distance of the Falls. On went the frail shell, careening and plunging as the mad waters chose. Still the gallant little oarsman maintained his struggle with the raging billows, and actually got the canoe, by his persevering manoeuvring so close to Goat Island, as to have her driven by a providential wave in between the little islands called the Three Sisters. Here the father and his dauntless boy were in still greater danger for an instant; for there is a fall between two of the islands, over which had they gone, no earthly power could have withheld their final passage to the terrific precipice which forms the Horse-shoe Fall. But the sudden dash of a wave capsized the canoe, and left the two struggling in the water. Being near a rock, and the water being shallow, the boy lost no time, but seizing his father by the coat collar, dragged him up to a place of safety, where the crowd of anxious citizens awaited to lend assistance. The poor boy on reaching the shore in safety, instantly fainted, while his miserable father was suf-

ficiently sobered by the perils he had passed through. The canoe was dashed to pieces on the rocks ere it reached its final leap.



Vessels Over The Falls

The schooner Michigan, a vessel being condemned as unseaworthy, was purchased by a few individuals to be sent over the Falls. Consequently glowing hand-bills announced that "The Pirate Michigan, with a cargo of furious animals," would on the 8th day of September, 1827, sail down through the deep and furious rapids of Niagara and over the precipice into the abyss below. The day arrived for the vessel to make her fearful voyage, and with it came a large concourse of people. The voyage was successfully made, and the cargo of live animals duly deposited in the river below, witnessed by 20,000 people.

In October, 1829, another large vessel called the Superior was sent over the Falls, but did not proceed on her voyage of destruction in such gallant style as her predecessor. But lodged on the rocks and remained there for several days, and went over unobserved, except by two or three persons. In this instance no animals were put on board.

In 1841 another condemned vessel of about 500 tons burden named the Detroit, which had belonged to Commodore Perry's victorious fleet, was sent down the rapids. A large number of people assembled from all parts of the country to witness the spectacle. She rolled

and plunged fearfully until she got about midway into the rapids when she stuck fast on a bar and there remained until knocked to pieces by the ice.



A Dry Niagara

It seems almost incredible that at one time in its history the greatest and most wonderful waterfall in the world actually ran dry. Nevertheless it is an established fact that this occurred on March 29, 1848, and for a few hours scarcely any water passed over Niagara Falls.

The winter of that year had been an exceptionally severe one, and ice of unusual thickness had formed on Lake Erie. The warm spring rains loosened this congealed mass and on the day in question a brisk east wind drove the ice far up into the lake.

About sunset the wind suddenly veered around and blew a heavy gale from the west. This naturally turned the ice in its course, and bringing it down to the mouth of the Niagara River, piled it up in a solid, impenetrable mass. So closely was it packed and so great was its force that in a short time the outlet to the lake was completely choked up and little or no water could possibly escape. In a very short space of time the water below this frozen barrier passed over the Falls and the next morning the people residing in the neighborhood were treated to a most extraordinary spectacle.

The roaring, tumbling rapids above the Falls were almost obliterated and nothing but the cold, black rocks was visible in all directions. The news quickly spread and crowds of spectators flocked to view the scene, the banks of the stream being lined with people during the whole day. At last there came a break in the ice; it was released from its restraint; the pent-up wall of water rushed downward and Niagara was itself again.



Outwitting the Indians

At the time of the French and Indian wars, the American Army was encamped on the plains of Chippawa. Colonel St. Clair, the commander, was a bold, meritorious officer, but there was mixed with his bravery a large share of rashness or indiscretion. His rashness, in this case, consisted in encamping on an open plain beside a thick wood, from which an Indian scout could easily pick off his outposts, without being exposed, in the least, to the fire of the sentinel.

Five nights had passed, and every night he had been surprised by the disappearance of a sentry, who stood at a lonely post in the vicinity of the forest. These repeated disasters caused such dread in the hearts of the remaining soldiers, that no one would volunteer to take the post, and the commander, knowing it would be throwing away their lives, let it remain unoccupied several nights.

At length a rifleman of the Virginia corps, volunteered his services. He was told the dangers of the duty, but he laughed at the fears of his comrades, saying he would return safe, to drink the health of the commander in the morning. The guard marched up soon after, and he shouldered his rifle and fell in. He arrived at his bounds, and bidding his fellow sentinels good-night, he assumed the duties of his post.

The night was dark, from the thick clouds that overspread the firmament. No star shone upon the sentinel as he paced his lonely path, and naught was heard but the mournful hoot of the owl, as it raised its nightly wail from the withered branch of the venerable oak. At length, a low rustling among the bushes on the right, caught his ear. He gazed long toward the spot whence the sound seemed to proceed, but saw nothing save the impenetratable gloom of the thick forest which surrounded the encampment. Then, as he marched onward, he heard the joyful cry of "all's well," after which he sat upon a stump, and fell into a reverie. While he thus sat, a savage entered the open space behind, and, after buckling his tunic, with numerous folds, tight around his body, drew over his head the skin of a wild boar. Thus disguised, he walked past the soldier, who seeing the object approach, quickly stood upon his guard. But a well-known grunt eased his fears, and he suffered it to pass, it being too dark to discover the cheat. The beast, as it appeared to be, quietly sought the thicket to the left; it was

nearly out of sight, when, through a sudden break in the clouds, the moon shone bright upon it. The soldier then perceived the ornamented moccasin of an Indian, and quick as thought, prepared to fire. But, fearing he might be mistaken, and thereby needlessly alarm the camp, and also supposing, if he were right, the other savages would be near at hand, he refrained, and, having a perfect knowledge of Indian subtlety and craft, quickly took off his hat and coat, and after hanging them on the stump where he had reclined, secured his rifle, and safely groped his way toward the thicket. He had hardly reached it, when the whizz of an arrow, passing his head, told him of the danger he had escaped.

Turning his eyes toward a small piece of cleared land within the thicket, he perceived a dozen of the same animals sitting on their hind legs, and instead of feeding on the acorns, which, at this season, lay plentifully on the surface of the leaves, they were busily engaged in a discussion in the Iroquois tongue. The substance of their conversation was, that, if the sentinel did not discover them, the next evening, as soon as the moon should afford sufficient light for their operations, they would make an attack on the American camp. They then left their rendezvous, and soon their tall forms were lost in the gloom of the forest. The soldier now returned to his post, and found the arrow sunk deep in the stump, it having passed through the breast of his coat.

He directly returned to the encamp-

ment and desired the orderly at the marque to inform the commander of his wish to speak with him, having information of importance to communicate. He was admitted, and, having been heard, the colonel bestowed upon him the vacant post of lieutenant of the corps, and directed him to be ready, with a picked guard, to march, at 8 o'clock in the evening, to the spot he had occupied the night before, where he was to place his hat and coat on the stump, and then lie in ambush for the intruders. Accordingly, the party proceeded, and obeyed the colonel's commands. The moon rose, but shone dimly through the thick branches of the forest.

While the new lieutenant was waiting the result of his manouver, an arrow whizzed from the same quarter as before. The mock soldier fell on his face. A dozen subdued voices sounded from within the thicket, which were soon followed by the sudden appearance of the Indians themselves. They had barely reached the stump, when our hero gave the word to fire, and the whole band were stretched dead upon the plain. After stripping them of their arms and trappings, the Americans returned to the camp.

Twelve chiefs fell at the effective fire of the white men, and their premeditated attack was indefinitely postponed. The fortunate rifleman, who had originated and conducted the ambuscade, returned from the war, at its termination, with a competency. He was not again

heard of, until the parent country raised her arm against the infant colonies.

Then was seen, at the head of a band of Virginia riflemen our hero as the brave and gallant Colonel Morgan. He was afterwards promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General, and was one of the most distinguished officers in the American Army during the Revolutionary War. He died in 1799 highly respected by his countrymen.



Escape of Moses Van Campen

In the narrative of Moses Van Campen, we find the following incident related: He was taken prisoner by the Seneca Indians, just after Sullivan's expedition in the Revolution, on the confines of the white settlements in one of the border counties of Pennsylvania. He was marched through the wilderness, and reached the headquarters of the savages near Fort Niagara. Here he was recognized as having, a year or two previously, escaped with two others from his guard, five of whom he slew in their sleep with his own hands.

On this discovery being made, the countenances of the savages grew dark and lowering. He saw at once that his fate was to be decided on the principles of Indian vengeance, and being bound, had but little hope of escape. He, however, put on the appearance of as much unconcern as possible. The Indians withdrew by themselves to decide in what manner they should despatch their

unhappy victim. They soon returned, their visages covered with a demoniac expression. A few went to gathering wood; another selected a spot, and soon a fire was kindled. Van Campen looked upon these preparations, which were being made to burn him alive, with feelings wrought up to the highest pitch of agony; yet he, with much effort, appeared calm and collected. At last, when the preparations were completed, two Indians approached and began to unloose the cords with which he was bound. To this he submitted. But the moment he was fully loosed, he dashed the two Indians aside—felling one upon the earth with a blow of his fist—and darted off toward the fort, where he hoped to receive protection from the British officers. Tomahawks gleamed in the air behind him—rifle balls whistled around—but onward still he flew. One unarmed Indian stood in his path and intercepted him; with a giant spring he struck him in the breast with his feet, and bore him to the earth. Recovering himself, he again started for the woods, and, as he was running for life—with the fire and faggot behind him, and a lingering death of torture—he soon outstripped all pursuers. It being near night, he effected his escape, arrived at the fort, and was sent down the river to Montreal, to be out of the way of the savage Senecas, who thirsted for his blood as a recompense for that of their brethren whom he had slain.



The Bear Story

A Thrilling Tale of Years Ago From an Authentic Source.

Some time ago articles were published in our city papers in regard to the last bear that was shot within the city limits, some claiming that he was shot by a Mr. Sanders and others that Mr. Stever inflicted the death penalty upon poor Bruin.

An interview with Mr. Jerry Stever elicited the following story :

“I do not remember the year in which the bear was shot, but think it was in the summer of 1855. I was at that time working at the Mount Eagle, and as I was going to work one morning, walking along the N. Y. C. Railroad track, near the street which is now called Cleveland Avenue I saw a crowd of men, women and children gathered at a tree that was standing just about where Thomas Hannan's barn is now. Walking over to see the cause of the excitement I was met by E. P. Graves, who said there was a bear in the tree and asked me if I had a good rifle. I replied I had. He then asked me if I would shoot the bear. I told him if it was the wish of the people I would do so. It was then put to a vote and carried that I should shoot the bear. I went home and got my gun, and when I came back I met Fred Wiedenmann who said ‘now take good aim,’ I replied that I would do that. The bear was about 25 or 30 feet from the ground lying on a limb that was

on the south side of the tree with his head towards the trunk so that I could get no chance to shoot. I told Philip Barr to stay there and watch while I would go down in the low ground on the north side of the tree, and if the bear turned his head he should whistle and I would come back. So he did and when I came back the bear had turned his head alright. Just then a leaf of the tree came in front of him and completely covered his face, but I took aim and pulled the trigger and down came old Bruin head first. An old gentleman who was present came up and slapped me on the shoulder and said 'young man you have shot bears before.' But I assured him that this was the first bear that I had ever shot. No sooner had the bear struck the ground, than Mr. Sanders, who had a shot gun loaded with buck shot, claimed the carcass. He having removed the cap from his gun said that he was the one that shot the bear. But Mr. Barr took the gun, and examining it, found it still loaded. Then Mr. Sanders said that he had bought the bear on the run, for which I think he said that he paid \$8 or \$10. He then got a rope and began to fasten it to the bear's legs, when some one, said 'hold on, not so fast.' Mr. Graves then came to me and asked if I did not want to claim the bear. 'Put it to a vote,' I said. So it was voted that I should have the bear. I then sold it to Mr. Sanders for \$6.00 and a hunk of steak. The next day Mr. Sanders started out peddling bear meat, but not succeeding in selling it all he left word at

my house that if I wanted any more I should come and get it. I went down and got all that I wanted, and we ate bear meat until we began to feel a little wild and were glad when it was all."



A Winter Visit to the Cave of the Winds

It was in the afternoon of February 18th, 1896, that for the first time in 50 years, a party of adventurous spirits clambered down the precipitous banks of the Niagara from Goat Island, explored the hidden cavern, and then made their way, with John Barlow, one of the oldest guides of the Niagara river, across the ice immediately in front of the American falls to the Maid of the Mist landing on the American side.

Among those in the party were the Hon. Peter A. Porter, the Hon. Thomas V. Welch, Superintendent of the State Reservation, W. R. Givens, managing editor of the Cataract, Ernest H. Wands, Carl Tucker, John F. McDonald, D. C. Collins, E. C. Sims, C. M. Young, George E. Wright, W. W. Wilcox, Sigmond Elbe, Clarence Mason, Walter O'Loughlin, Samuel Lark, John Whalen, Hugh McDonald, Felix Woolworth, T. J. Wilcox, Mat. Walsh, Jr., James Martin, George Chorman and Frederick A. Cook.

There is no record of anyone having made this hazardous trip before in many years, and it was as far back as 1874 that two or three men succeeded

in walking across the ice from Goat Island to the American shore.



Over the Falls Alive

Mrs. Anna Edson Taylor, the Bay City, Michigan, woman, successfully went over the Horseshoe Falls in a barrel the 24th day of October, 1901, thus accomplishing the greatest and most daring feat of any ever attempted in this locality. She is the first and only human being who has made this fearful leap over the Falls and lived to describe it.

Mrs. Taylor, who says she is 42 years old, arrived here with her manager, Frank M. Russell, 10 days previous and brought her barrel along. It was built under Mrs. Taylor's direction, heavily padded with cushions and a harness arrangement with arm straps inside to hold the occupant from contact with the ends or sides.

Mrs. Taylor got into the barrel at the head of Grass island and was towed over into the Canadian channel. She was cast loose at 4:05 p. m., and the current immediately caught the barrel, carrying it down, slowly at first, then more rapidly, until it was caught in the rush before the first cascade of the rapids.

There is a stretch of almost a mile of wild, tempestuous rapids between Grass island and the brink of the Horseshoe Falls and it took the barrel nearly 20 minutes to make the trip to the verge of the Falls.

The barrel plunged over at 4:23 p. m. It went over just a little west of the center of the Horseshoe and reappeared in the river below within a minute. After being dashed about for 17 minutes it was picked up in an eddy by a party of men who removed the manhole and found Mrs. Taylor alive, but greatly distressed.

Blood was flowing from a gash in her head and she was suffering from shock. A larger hole was sawed in the top of the barrel and she was taken out, brought to the Maid of the Mist landing and taken in a carriage to her lodging place.

It took several weeks before Mrs. Taylor fully recovered from her fearful experience.

She is a widow and has been teaching for a livelihood. She was born at Auburn, N. Y. Her husband died over 20 years ago. The 24th of October was her birthday and she said she knew she would come out all right. The venture was a financial failure.



Tablet Marks Devil's Hole Massacre

With highly interesting ceremonies the spot in the Niagara Gorge of the awful massacre of British soldiers and a number of civilians by Seneca Indians in 1763 was appropriately marked Saturday afternoon, September 13th, 1902, with a bronze tablet bearing a brief

description of the unhappy affair. The Gorge Railroad officials co-operated with the Niagara Frontier Landmarks Association in thus appropriately marking the spot and about 250 people stood in the gorge and witnessed the ceremonies and the unveiling of the tablet and heard the historical remarks of George D. Emerson of Buffalo, secretary of the Frontier Landmarks Association.

In addition to the members of the Niagara Frontier Historical Society of this city there were present many prominent ladies and gentlemen from the city of Buffalo representing the Landmarks Association and the Anniversary Club who came here in special cars and at once went down the gorge to participate in the ceremonies.

The tablet had been imbedded in a huge boulder directly opposite the Devils Hole station, and was draped with an American and a British flag.

The tablet bears the following inscription :

At the top of the cliff above this spot
September 14, 1763, occurred

The Devil's Hole Massacre,
when 500 Seneca Indians ambushed a British supply train, massacred its escort and hurled bodies and wagons into the chasm below, only 3, John Steadman, William Matthews and one other escaping.

Erected by Niagara Gorge Railroad
Company and presented to
Niagara Frontier Landmarks Association, 1902.

George D. Emerson, secretary of the Landmarks Association, then accepted the tablet from the Gorge Route officials.



Goat Island

Goat Island originally was called Iris Island. But in the summer of 1779, a Mr. John Stedman placed some goats upon it, and during the ensuing winter it was impossible to reach the Island and the animals were killed by the cold. The people then called it Goat Island a cognomen which will adhere to it for all time. Goat Island belongs to the Reservation of the State of New York and contains about 70 acres, a great share of which is yet a natural forest, some of the trees being very large.

The Island is about half a mile long and a quarter of a mile broad. It is a little more than a mile in circumference. It is one of the finest spots on earth. The earliest date found on the trees is 1742.

The first bridge to Goat Island was built in 1817 some distance farther up stream from its present location. The following winter it was carried away by the ice, but was rebuilt in the summer of 1818 at its present site. In 1855 an iron bridge took place of the old wooden bridge. Work on the present beautiful structure was begun on the third day of July, 1900, and was opened to the public on the 14th day July, 1901.



Fields and the Bear

Soon after the war of 1812, a man named Fields, on a certain day, went out on the river fishing, about three miles above the Falls, and while anchored and fishing from his canoe he saw a bear in the water making, very leisurely, for Navy Island. Not understanding very thoroughly the nature and habits of the animal, thinking he would be a capital prize and having a spear in his canoe, he hoisted anchor and started in pursuit. As the canoe drew near, the bear turned to pay his respects to its occupant. Fields made a desperate thrust at him with his spear. Quicker and more deftly than the most expert prize fighter could have done, bruin parried the blow, disarmed his assailant, knocking the spear more than ten feet from the canoe. Fields then seized a paddle and belabored the bear over his head and on his paws, as he placed the latter on the side of the canoe, and drew himself in. Fields not being able to swim, and being now thoroughly frightened, was in a most uncomfortable position. He felt somewhat relieved therefore, when Mr. Bear deliberately took a seat, facing him, in the bow of the boat. Resolving in his own mind that he would generously resign the whole canoe to the creature as soon as he should reach the land, he raised his paddle and began to pull vigorously toward the shore, especially as the rapids lay just below him and the Falls were roaring most omin-

ously. But much to his surprise, as soon as he began to paddle bruin began to growl, and as he repeated his stroke, the occupant of the bow raised his note of disapproval an octave higher, and at the same time made a motion as if he would "go for him." Fields had no desire to cultivate a closer intimacy and so stopped paddling. Bruin then serenely contemplated the landscape, in the direction of the island. Fields was also intensely interested in the same scene, still more intensely impressed with their constant and insidious approach to the rapids, but most of all exercised as to the manner of his own escape. He tried the paddle again. But the tyrant of the quarter-deck again emphatically objected and as he was master of the situation and fully resolved not to resign the command of that craft until the termination of the voyage, there was no alternative but submission. Still the rapids were frightfully near and something must be done. He gave a tremendous shout.

But his Bearship was not in a musical mood and vetoed that with as much emphasis as he had done the paddling. Then he turned his eyes on Fields quite interestly as if he were calculating the best method of dissecting him. The situation was fast becoming something more than painful. Man and bear in opposite ends of the canoe floating to inevitable destruction. But every suspense has an end. The single shout, or something else, had called the attention of the neighbors to the canoe. They came to the rescue and a man named

Tompkins, with a musket which he had used in the war, insinuated a charge of buck shot into the bear's internal arrangements which induced him to take to the water, after which he was soon taken captive and dead to the shore. He weighed over three hundred pounds.



Miraculous Escape

On September 24th, 1892, as Mrs. Grimason and a party of friends from Toronto were crossing the upper Suspension Bridge to Canada, Mrs. Grimason was walking on the roadway of the bridge, when a carriage drove up from behind, and in stepping upon the walk for pedestrians, she stumbled and fell headlong forward underneath the railing and most miraculously caught on one of the girders. The Rev. Mr. Ramsey immediately got over the side of the bridge and slid down the guy cables to the girder where Mrs. Grimason lay securely caught in the girders. This was some 60 yards from the Canadian end of the bridge. Harry Williams, who was standing in front of the Cliff House, heard the scream and saw the clergyman go over the railing, immediately ran out and got down on the girder. The minister had been there but a few seconds and was looking down at the water beneath. By doing this he completely lost his head and was so nervous he did not know what to do. Harry told him to look up at the bridge and not down at the water and

by keeping his head up he was as safe as though on land. By this time rope had been brought and lowered down. Harry took the end of the rope and let it down on one side of the lady and then asked the clergyman, who was right beside her to catch it and bring it up. Ramsey, who was still as nervous as ever, and was hanging onto the upright with both hands, replied, "I dare not leave go," whereupon Harry lowered himself, reached and caught the swing rope with his foot and passed it up between Ramsey and Mrs. Grimason. Mr. Huntley then came down and assisted Harry in lifting Ramsey away so that those holding the ropes above could pull Mrs. Grimason up. The two gentlemen then had to lift the clergyman bodily and raise him till those on the bridge could reach him.

At a meeting of the Royal Canadian Humane Society of Canada held in Toronto on Saturday, June 1st, 1895, Mr. Harry Williams was presented with a medal on one side of which is engraved the following: "To Harry Williams for aiding in the rescue of Mrs. Grimason, on the Niagara Falls Suspension Bridge, September 24th, 1892." On the opposite side was a pretty wreath of maple leaves and at the top the royal crown. Within the wreath the following inscription: "Royal Canadian Humane Association."

Lord and Lady Aberdeen attended the meeting and presented the medals. When Harry Williams went up to have his medal pinned on he very quietly said to the Governor General that he

would rather have Lady Aberdeen put it on, whereupon Lord Aberdeen smilingly handed the medal to his wife and turning to the audience said, "Here is a young gentleman that would rather have Lady Aberdeen present him with his medal than myself. I admire his choice." It is needless to say Lady Aberdeen graciously complied and that Harry's countenance much resembled the proverbial boiled beet but for a few minutes. The medal has a very pretty case and is something that will always be much prized by its owner.



A Daring Adventure

In the winter of 1856 the weather was intensely cold during the months of January and February, so that the American rapids above the Falls were covered with ice, and it was so firm that people could walk on it almost to the brink of the precipice and also visit the various Islands in that vicinity. An ice mountain also formed at the base of the Falls rearing its towery head 25 or 30 feet above the brink, making a fine coasting place for the boys and girls.

On the 20th of February, 1856, George E. Hamlin and George W. Sims, drove with horse and cutter from Bath Island to Chapin Island and around Robinson Island then to the great mound of ice to within 20 feet of the verge of the precipice and returned. Again they visited the mound, when Mr. Babbett

took a sketch from Point View, in order that the spectacle might be handed down to the remotest posterity. It was a daring undertaking, unflinchingly executed, and will ever be a theme of wonder to the visitor as he listens to the narrative when gazing on the madly rushing waters, as they take their final plunge into the abyss below.

On the 26th of the same month the same parties crossed the ice bridge with horse and cutter from the Canada side and back.



Soldiers' Remains Interred

A Remarkable Event.

On December 3rd, 1900, a grave digger, in Lundy's Lane cemetery uncovered the bones of nine human skeletons which proved to be, by the belts, buckles and buttons found by the remains, members of the Ninth United States Infantry one of the regiments engaged in the memorable battle of Lundy's Lane, fought on the 25th day of July, 1814. This discovery created no little interest amongst the members of the various historical societies on both sides of the river.

It was at first proposed by Consul Brush that the bones be reinterred at at Fort Niagara or Fort Porter. But immediately Canadians of high standing exerted their efforts to have the remains reinterred where they had been found, on the site of the battle in which they had fallen. The co-opera-

tion of the Canadian government was promised and this was finally agreed to. It was decided to make the affair an international and a military one, which ceremonies were to take place on the 19th day of October, 1901. It was also decided that the unveiling of a beautiful drinking fountain erected by the people of Niagara Falls South, in memory of their late Queen, should take place at the same time. While a full account of the march of a company of soldiers of the 14th United States regiment with members of the various historical societies, escorted by members of Company No. 1, 44th Regiment Canadian Volunteer Infantry, would make very interesting reading, space will not permit to give more than a brief statement of the ceremonies at the cemetery and the unveiling of the fountain.

Upon the arrival at Drummondville a stop was made before the undertaking establishment of George Morse & Son, where the casket containing the bones of the soldiers rested, and the United States troops were drawn up in line in front of the building. Two soldiers from the 14th carrying wreaths of flowers filed into the room where the casket lay and tenderly deposited the beautiful tributes upon the casket, which had been previously draped with the Stars and Stripes.

The plate on the casket containing the bones bore the following inscription :

“The remains of nine soldiers of the Ninth Regiment of United States In-

fantry, killed at Lundy's Lane, July 25, 1814. Reinterred October 19, 1901."

Hundreds looked at it before it was borne away to its resting place.

A detachment of six men of the 14th filed in, and, picking up the casket placed it on their shoulders and took their place at the head of the company ready for the solemn march to the cemetery.

It was indeed an impressive sight. The red and the blue mingling in the performance of such a sacred duty. The band played a funeral dirge and the short distance to the historical cemetery was soon covered. Here hundreds of people were waiting to witness the ceremonies about the grave. The casket was carried to a spot on the east side of the little brick Presbyterian church and deposited beside the open grave which had been dug next to that of Captain Abram Hull of the Ninth United States Infantry, who fell in the battle of Lundy's Lane, and was buried on the spot.

The simple, but beautiful and impressive burial service of the Church of England was carried out by the Rev. Canon Bull, assisted by Canon Houston and Canon MacKenzie. The soldiers of both countries stood about the grave. The clouds that had obscured the sky and hid the sun up to this time rolled away, and the bright sunshine came down like a blessing from the Almighty, testifying to His pleasure and commendation in thus uniting his children of two nations in the performance of a mutual and sacred duty.

Then a most touching and impressive incident occurred. Captain Harris of the Ninth United States Infantry, the same to which the dead soldiers belonged, stepped forward and scattered dust upon the casket as the words "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes," were spoken.

As the last words of the Lord's prayer were spoken, a sharp command came from Captain Sorley, and his men fell back and prepared to fire the military salute over the grave. Three volleys were fired and then the bugler of the company stepped to the side of the grave and sounded "taps," and the band played "Nearer My God to Thee," and the ceremonies were over. There were no addresses.

It may seem strange that tears should be shed over soldiers that had fallen nearly 100 years ago, yet such was the fact, so beautiful, so touching and so impressive were the ceremonies.

The column formed again and proceeded to the corner of Main Street and Lundy's Lane to participate in the other feature of the day, the unveiling of the memorial fountain erected to the memory of the late Queen Victoria.

By the side of the fountain a rude staging had been built and as the troops and the people from both sides of the river assembled about it, the Rev. Canon Bull mounted the platform and announced the opening of the ceremonies. Miss Veronica Belle Acheson, daughter of E. G. Acheson, President of the Acheson Graphite Company of this city, who is now a resident of Drummondville, who was asked to pull the

cord at the unveiling of the fountain; the Hon. Adam Brown, former member of Parliament for Hamilton, and the Hon. Harlan W. Brush, United States Consul at Niagara Falls, Ont., took their places on the platform and Canon Bull introduced the Hon. Adam Brown, President of the Royal Canadian Humane Society, speaker of the day.

His address was full of noble sentiment and expressions of pleasure at the close relations of friendship now existing between the two great nations. He eulogized the late Queen Victoria in whose memory the fountain had been erected, and expressed the belief that were she permitted to see the ceremonies of the afternoon, they would meet with her heartiest approval, for kindness to human beings and beasts was one of her noble attributes, and the memorial fountain, being designed to quench the thirst of the weary traveler, both man and beast, was along the line of noble deeds in her life. The speaker was frequently interrupted with cheers of approval.

At the conclusion of his address Mr. Brown called upon Miss Acheson to loose the cord of the Union Jack veiling the memorial from view and as the little lady did so the American soldiers presented arms and the 42nd band played "God save the King."

It was expected that Col. William P. Michael, representing the State Department, would be present to attend the reinterment and unveiling ceremonies, but he was unable to be there, and

sent a telegram, which United States Consul Brush read as follows :

“Washington, D. C., Oct. 12.”

“The part taken by the British subjects in the reinterment of our dead soldiers to-day furnishes proof of amity between nations which is possible only under conditions of high civilization and refinement. May this relation of friendship between the two great English speaking nations go on forever. The President expressed to me his approval and appreciation. I regret my inability to be present at the ceremonies to-day.

“(Signed) William P. Michael.”

Cheers for King Edward and for President Roosevelt followed.

The address of Consul Brush closed the ceremonies and the people dispersed. The Canadian soldiers escorted the American troops to the upper steel arch bridge and gave them God speed at departing.

Thus closed a day, the ceremonies of which can never be forgotten by the participants. To give some idea of the American feeling on this occasion we quote the following from The Niagara Falls Journal, dated October 25th, 1901:

So entirely unique were the events of Saturday afternoon at Drummondville or more properly Niagara Falls South, Ont., that probably never again will they be duplicated. Never before have British soldiers co-operated with American soldiers in doing honor to the dead of the American army who had fallen in battle against the redcoats. And as

was stated during the progress of the ceremonies while memorials to the late Queen Victoria are being erected in all parts of the British Empire there will not be the mingling of the blue and the red that there was at Drummondville Saturday afternoon when a little American lady pulled the cord and unveiled the beautiful drinking fountain there erected in memory of the good Queen.

History was made, precedent established, at Drummondville Saturday afternoon. The affair was one of world-wide interest. It was officially recognized by the War Department, the Department of State and the Consular Service, of the United States, all of which had representatives present. The various departments of His Majesty's government in the Dominion of Canada also officially recognized the affair and were represented at the ceremonies. It was also an affair of deepest political significance, indicating as it did, the feeling of great friendship existing between the two governments, between the two peoples. At the conclusion of the ceremonies three cheers were suggested for Great Britain. They were given with a will and none were heartier than those of the Americans present. Then three cheers for the United States were asked for and the vim with which they were given made the welkin ring.



President McKinley Drives the First Stake

When the Pan-American Exposition was first talked about, it was expected that it would be held on Cayuga Island, near the historic little village of LaSalle. So Major William McKinley, President of the United States, was invited to drive the center stake from which all measurements were to be made.

The President accepted the invitation and on the 26th of August, 1897, he in company with others arrived at LaSalle in a special train and immediately took a carriage for Cayuga Island, where, amid the applause of an immense crowd of people, precisely at 11.03 o'clock, he picked up the wooden mallet, lying close by and prepared to plant the peg so that it would stay. A second it poised in the air and then "swat" and the peg sunk a couple of inches into the ground. After the cheering ceased, handshaking was in order for about ten minutes, after which the carriages were again taken and a short drive was had through the village. Returning to the station the cars were boarded, and at 11:45 the train started on its return trip to Buffalo.

But the Pan-American did not materialize, but was afterwards held in Buffalo in 1901. At which place President McKinley was shot on Sept. 6th, 1901.



The Great Tunnel

In the forenoon of the fourth day of October, 1890, the first shovelful of earth was removed which marked the breaking of ground for the big tunnel in Niagara Falls. The breaking of the ground was made with much pomp and ceremony, the celebration occurring at the northeast corner of Third and Falls Street, at which point shaft No. 1 of the tunnel work was located.

Colonel C. B. Gaskill turned the first spade of earth, the shovel being of silver, and now a historical relic. Rogers & Clement were the contractors of the big undertaking. That day will long be remembered by the citizens of Niagara Falls. The tunnel is 7,200 feet in length, nearly 200 feet under ground.

At one time 2,500 men were employed and in the construction of the work, including the wheelpit, 600,000 tons of material were removed, 16,000,000 bricks, 19,000,000 feet of timber, 60,000 cubic yards of stone, 55,000 barrels of Portland cement, 12,000 barrels of natural cement and 26,000 cubic yards of sand were also used.

The tunnel is shaped like a mule's shoe it being 21 feet high and 18 feet 10 inches wide at the widest curve. The paper mill's tunnel is 7 feet high.

Some very wonderful engineering difficulties were overcome. Inasmuch as the work was mostly theoretical and there was no precedent for many of the solutions, the fact that everything came true and the hypotheses

were proved correct, the feat is a remarkable one in American engineering annals.

Perhaps when the present type of civilization is outgrown some generations to come will wonder at the magnitude of the work and conjecture how it was done, as at present tourists visit the pyramids.



The Gorge Road

On the 11th day of April, 1895, the first ground was broken for the Gorge road. On the 18th day of July, of the same year, the first trip, with about 300 invited guests was made from Lewiston to Brinker's Park, where lunch was served.

The Gorge road was opened up the 25th day of April, 1896, when the first car passed over the new portion of the line from the Buttery Whirlpool rapids elevator up the bank and through Second street, taking the tracks of the local road at Second and Main streets. On the car, which was decked with flags, were Contractor Tench, Supt. Brooks, Engineer Goodman and Aldermen Canavan and O'Reilly. The car proceeded out Pine avenue to Sugar and around the city, coming down the Schlosser line to Falls street. The new roadbed and trestles were found to be in perfect condition, and the trip was a most satisfactory test. Conductor William Garwood and Motorman R. Fleming were in charge of the car. There

is no finer scenery in the world than along this route.



Relics of the War of 1812

On December 20th, 1894, the three cannon, relics of the war of 1812, captured from the British at Fort Erie, were mounted at the base of the soldiers monument in Lafayette square, Buffalo. One of the guns, a big five-inch piece, stands on the stone walk, pointing down Court street, and bears two handsome brass plates, with the following inscriptions:

“This British cannon was spiked and dismantled by Gen. Brown, U. S. A., at Fort Erie, September 17, 1814, after a desperate struggle. It afterwards came into the possession of David Bell, Buffalo, N. Y., who extracted the canister shot and mounted it as it now stands.”

On the smaller plate are these words:

“Presented by David Bell to the Buffalo Historical Society, September 17, 1894.”

Just back of this cannon, on the steps leading up to the pedestal of the monument, is placed a huge mortar, with this inscription:

“This mortar did service in the war of 1812, also as a pile-driver in the early construction of Buffalo harbor.”

The smallest of the three guns stands pointed at the corner of the library building to the east of the monument, the plate on which reads:

“This British cannon of the war of 1812 was found on the brink of the Niagara river at Black Rock by Captain C. Barcom, who donated it to the Buffalo Historical Society, and they have placed it here as a memorial, 1894.”

There was no ceremony in connection with the placing of the guns.



The State Reservation at Niagara Falls, N. Y.

The movement for the preservation of the scenery of the Falls of Niagara originated in the State of New York in the year of 1869.

The purchase was made in 1885, at a cost of \$1,433,429.50.

The Reservation was declared formally open to the public on the 15th of July, 1885, about 100,000 people participating in the event. It contains a tract of over 106, acres of land, which under the supervision of the Hon. T. V. Welch has become one of the finest resorts in the world.



The Queen Victoria Niagara Falls Park

The Queen Victoria Niagara Falls Park was opened to the public on the 24th day of May, 1888. It comprises a tract of 154 acres, which is kept very attractive. This park is self-sustaining.

The First Railroad in the United States

Lewiston is 7 miles below the Falls and was so named in honor of Governor Lewis of New York. It is at the foot of the mountain and at the head of navigation in the lower river. LaSalle built a cabin of palisades here in 1678, and this was the commencement of the Portage whose upper terminus was Fort Schlosser, and which passed over nearly the present roads, a part of which is still called the Portage Road. There is no doubt that the first railway that ever was constructed in the United States, was built by the French, at this point, for the purpose of moving freight up and down the mountain. In building this railway, Mr. James L. Barton said, in an address delivered before the Young Men's Association of Buffalo, in 1848, that the French did not level the ground where it was too high, or fill up the hollows. Where the ground was level, hewn timbers, with a rabbet or shoulder projecting upwards from the outer edges, similar to log railways in saw-mills, connected with cross pieces, were laid upon and rested firmly on stones laid under them; in passing over hollows, instead of filling them up, stone pediments were built up to the proper level and the timber ways laid on them, and in this manner it was carried to its completion. The power made use of in raising the cars, was a capstan or windlasses. These capstans or windlasses

were generally worked by Indians, who would give a day's labor for a plug of tobacco and a pint of whiskey. There is no town in the County, excepting Niagara, that is richer in picturesque scenery and historical interest than Lewiston. This place bore a conspicuous and a memorable part in the war of 1812. The horrors of the invasion by the British and Indians were enacted here in all their barbarous and vengeful cruelty.



British Soldiers Reinterred

On the 3rd day of September, 1891, 11 British soldiers were unearthed in a sand field at Niagara Falls South, Ont. The remains of two were probably those of Captain Spooner and Lieutenant Latham of the 89th. The other nine were those of privates of the 89th and 103rd Regiments. The interment took place on the 17th of October 1891.

For several days previously the casket containing the relicts and latterly two cases in which were exhibited a portion of an officer's coat, several buttons marked 89 and 103, a piece of a soldier's shako, a piece of belt with buckles, a port fire-box and a knife were exposed in the window of Mr. John England's establishment on Main street. On a casket was a card bearing the following inscription:—"H. M. 89th and 103rd Regiments. Remains of 11 soldiers killed in battle July 25th, 1814; reinterred October 17th, 1891, by the Lundy's Lane Historical Society."

The military contingent, furnished by permission of General Herbert for the occasion, consisted of troop A. St. Catharines; cavalry Troop D. Queenston, and Troop E. Welland, in all 100 officers and men, and of infantry a large representation from all the companies of the 44th Battalion, including its excellent band and a company of the 39th, in all about 250 men. The detachment, in command of Colonel Morin and Major Vidal, arrived from camp at Niagara, the cavalry at noon and the infantry at 1.45 p. m. Having partaken of lunch in the Town Hall, the troops marched up to Main street and when opposite the store the pallbearers, Captain McMicking, No. 6 Co.; Captain Vandersluys, No. 1 Co., and Adjutant Hill of the 44th, representing the three troops of cavalry, carried the casket out in the procession. It was wrapped in the Union Jack and on top lay some choice bouquets of flowers that had been placed there by the kind hand of Mrs. MacFarlane. When the solemn pageant began to move toward the historical cemetery the procession was in the following order:—

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

44th Battalion Band, twensy pieces.

No. 1 Co. 44th Battalion, Captain Vandersluys, 30 men.

No. 6 Co., Captain McMicking, 36 men.

Pallbearers, carrying casket with remains.

No. 3 Co., Captain Greenwood, 30 men.

No. 4 Co., Captain Cruickshanks, 31 men.

No. 5 Co., Captain Cohoe, 36 men.

No. 7 Co., Captain Clark, 31 men.

No. 5 Co., Waterford, 39th Battalion, Major York and Captain Langs, 37 men.

Co. E, Cavalry Troop, St. Catharines, Captain Gregory, 35 men.

Co. D, Queenston, Captain Servos, 35 men.

Co. A, Welland, Captain Burch, 30 men. Also Majors Buchner and Curry.

In command of the infantry were Lieutenant Colonel Morin, Majors Vidal, Raymond and Render, and Adjutant Hill and Lieutenant-Colonel Gregory commanded the cavalry.

Pupils of the High and Public schools of the village, numbered some 200, in charge of Principals Orr and Morris.

Citizens.

At least 3,000 spectators witnessed the pageant.

Upon the arrival of the procession at the grave, which is situated at the north east end of the Royal Scots trench and upon the site where the battery stood during the bloody battle, the militia formed a square around the grave that was to receive all that was mortal of brave men who had fallen many years ago in defence of their country. In the midst of the militia were Rev. Canons Bull and Houston; Rev. Mr. Ker, St. Catharines; Rev. Mr. Fessenden, Chippawa; Rev. Mr. Spencer, Thorold; and Rev. G. B. Bull, Stamford. The truck of a large cannon that mounts the hill was used as a

rostrum and upon this the president of the society stepped and delivered the address to the assembled soldiery and citizens. At its close the burial retiral of the English Church was read by the venerable Canon. The usual discharge of firearms followed, interspersed between each volley with strains of "Nearer my God to Thee." The order to present arms was then given, the National Anthem played, and the troops filed out of the grounds. As already stated the concourse of people was large, and included many interested spectators from the American side of the river. Flags were flying at half-mast throughout the village and vicinity.



Blondin on the Rope

When it became noised abroad in the spring of 1859 that a man was anxious to cross Niagara river on a rope people were incredulous and said that it never could be accomplished. But after they saw the rope stretched across the mighty chasm midway between Niagara Falls and Suspension Bridge, they were seized with curiosity and all were anxious to see the wonderful performance.

Mons. Blondin began his career as a rope walker very early in life. After travelling in Europe for some years he came to America, travelling with the Ravel family for nearly eight years, and during that time he paid a visit to Niagara Falls. The result of that

visit is given to a correspondent of the Buffalo Express by Blondin himself as follows:

“No sooner did I lay eyes on that wonderful spectacle and specimen of nature’s handiwork than I was seized with one of my erratic impulses. I wanted to walk across the chasm above the roaring cataract, and had a rope been at hand extending across the Falls there is no doubt I would have started at once on the undertaking. Wherever I went after that I took Niagara with me. To cross the roaring waters became the ambition of my life, and one night the great sea of waters falling from that fearful height entered into my dreams. I stood by the great Falls overpowered by its terrible sublimity. Suddenly my clothing dropped from my form as if by magic and before me, across the boiling flood, was stretched a silken cord as delicate as a thread of gossamer. I ventured upon the cord, and in a twinkling I had crossed the rushing torrent and was looking back upon the shore from whence I started. That dream determined me. I was weary of travel, and the thought occurred to me that I might work for myself and be independent. This was in the winter of 1858, but, determined to settle the practicability of crossing Niagara on a rope, I took up my residence at a hotel there and I began to plan my proposed exhibition. The practicability of my scheme assured, I set to work to bridge the distance with a hempen cord. This done, I published my intention to the world. The bridge of rope

on which I purposed making the trip was 1,100 feet in length. It was stretched at an altitude of 160 feet above the river at one side, and crowned the boiling torrent at a height of 170 feet. For a time I was looked upon as a humbug. I was scoffed, ridiculed and laughed at. I kept right on, however, never doubting but that I would succeed, and on the 30th of June, 1859, I made the trip in the presence of 50,000 spectators. My feelings when crossing this mighty cataract were no different from those I had always experienced when engaged in like undertakings, and I felt no more fear than I do now when giving one of my regular performances. The view I had from the center of that rope on that memorable day more than repaid me for the pains and expense of the undertaking. Never had I seen its like before nor have I seen anything to equal it since. Many of the various feats performed by me at the present day were done for the first time on that single line of hempen rope 170 feet above the river. Satisfied that I had accomplished what no other man had done before I set about elaborating my performance and made several more trips across the river heavily handicapped, blind-folded and with a man on my back. My greatest exploit, however, was that given during my engagement at the Crystal Palace, when I trundled a wheel-barrow across a rope 200 feet long, with my baby girl, Adele, cosily tucked away therein. If ever I felt any fear it was then—not for myself but my little one.

My wife, however, assured me that all was well, which together with the simple faith of the child, led me to make the journey safely.

“Since that memorable day in September, 1860, when in the presence of H. R. H., the Prince of Wales and his suite, I made my last trip across Niagara, I have travelled through India, Australia, China, New-Zealand, Java, the Phillipine Islands, Siam and every country in Europe, but in none do I consider that I have ever equaled my performance at Niagara. The novelty of the position, the uncertainty of the fastenings, the inexperience of assistants, and other sources of danger, were all rendered ten-fold more formidable, from the fact that no human hand could extend the feeblest aid in the case of accident. Medals, decorations and testimonials, however, have also been showered upon me since that most memorable time, but none are more valued than the medal given me over a quarter of a century ago by the citizens of Niagara City. Audiences that in number have far exceeded the Niagara gathering have assembled to witness my exhibitions, but none have ever received me more cordially. At Brussels 400,000 persons witnessed my performance at the Champs de Mars, and was, perhaps, the greatest audience I ever had, but it was nothing to me compared to the multitude I met when first I crossed Niagara. The receipts of a single performance at Crystal Palace, London, once reached the enormous sum of \$20,000, but though the largest,

I ever knew in connection with my own performance, they were really less valued than the purse bestowed upon me by the various hotel men in return for my accepted perilous journeys across that foaming torrent. Concerning the alleged peril of my performances I must say a word. I have never met with an accident in all the years that I have been engaged in the profession. To others the work might be dangerous, but not to me. The one great secret of my success is temperance. Chocolate is my only stimulant, and when engaged in my professional work I partake only sparingly of this. My duties call for a code of habits no less rigid than that of the most sturdy athlete, and I regard my profession as a most respectable and commendable one. Ropewalking is indeed an art that might even be taken up as an accomplishment by amateurs. It has been ennobled by illustrious men, and as a means of giving a man confidence in himself, of developing the nerves and of helping one always to preserve his composure, it cannot be too highly commended. Ability to walk a rope would prove a most valuable aid to a man at times, as well as to one who follows it merely as a business."

In the summer of 1860 Blondin had his rope across the river below the Railway Suspension Bridge.

The last time that Blondin appeared in America was in 1888, when he performed on a rope 100 feet above the ground and 300 feet long, at Ontario Beach, on Saturday, August 4th, Tues-

day, August 7th, Wednesday, August 8th, Thursday, August 9th, Saturday, August, 11th. Although 64 years of age at that time he was still hale, hearty and daring as ever.

Blondin is now dead.



Fenian Raid

The Fenians in the United States and Ireland are a brotherhood united to liberate Ireland and to establish a republic. It is said, that the agitation, in the United States was begun by J. Stephens in March, 1858. As there is not room in this little volume to give a complete history of that "Brotherhood" suffice it to say, that in January, 1866, 380,000 members were reported in the United States. And great mass meetings were held in New York threatening to invade Canada. On the first day of May, 1866, the Fenian schooner *Friend* captured the British schooner *Wentworth* and scuttled her near Eastport, Me., United States. On the 31st day of May, Colonel O'Niell with some Fenians crossed the Niagara river into Canada, and on the 2nd day of June, near Ridgeway they met with the Canadian volunteers when a conflict ensued which resulted in bloodshed. Soon after many retreating Fenians were captured by the United States Generals Grant and Meade.

On the 7th day of June, 1866, President Johnson issued his proclamation against the Fenians forbidding them to cross the border.

On the 26th of May, 1870, another attempt was made to invade Canada, but this was vigorously repelled by the militia, and their General O'Neill was captured by the United States Marshal.



Canadians Joined

Took Part in Seeing the 42nd Separate Company Off to War.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the first of May, 1898, the 42d Separate Company under command of Captain Butler, departed for Hempstead Plains, L. I., by special train over the Erie Road. The demonstration was tremendous. Canadians participated. Never before in the history of the city has there been such excitement and such a large turn-out of people. Bells rang, whistles blew and cheer after cheer arose from the crowds.

An incident in connection with the departure of the company which will never be forgotten, was the part taken by the Canadians from Niagara Falls, Ont. As the line of parade formed in North Main Street, the people were surprised to hear martial music below the hill and a moment later the Niagara Falls, Ontario, brass band heading several Canadian fire companies floating a huge Union Jack came up the hill and fell into line. The applause was deafening. All along the line of march the Canadian organizations received great cheering.

At the depot a space guarded by lines of rope and policemen was set apart for the families of the soldiers so that they might have an opportunity of bidding them good-bye. The people bore up bravely and not many tears were shed. Before leaving the Armory a handsome silk flag was presented to the company by T. V. Welch in behalf of 70 ladies of the city.



The Niagara Frontier

By A. H. Porter

The following is Mr. A. H. Porter's concluding article, on this subject, of the series contributed to the Buffalo Commercial:

There is no more interesting subject connected with the history of this region, than the remarkable improvement and increase in the navigation of the lakes, from the slight bark canoe of the Indian to the huge vessels of the present day. The Indians were, of course, only fair weather navigators. Moving lightly and swiftly along the shores of the lakes, able at any time of danger to land on the beach and carry their light craft beyond the reach of winds and waves, until the troubled waters were becalmed. At an early date of colonial history the French built vessels on Lake Ontario, and for many years held undisputed and exclusive control of all the great lakes. The first important enterprise with which we are familiar was that of La Salle,

who, with two small vessels, sailed from Fort Frontinac to the Niagara river in 1679. He had the sagacity to appreciate, and the enterprise and courage to secure to the French the important channel between the lakes that was firmly held for 80 years, as the key to all their western interests, securing the co-operation of Indian allies, and a monopoly of the fur trade. The fort built at Niagara indicated security and permanent possession, and the vessel above the Falls, discovery and trade.

The Griffin made her first voyage to Lake Michigan, and at Green Bay took on a cargo of furs and peltries, and on her return was lost, and no reliable information ever obtained of her fate. There is no evidence the French ever built another vessel on the upper lakes, although there was a tradition long current, and still entertained by persons who have not looked for the proof, that two French vessels were burnt during the French war at the lower end of Grand Island, of which remains are still found under water imbedded in the sand at that place. That tradition has been corrected of late years, both by French and British colonial official documents. Captain Pouchot, the French officer in command during the heroic defence and final surrender of Fort Niagara in 1754, states that "Lake Erie had not been examined by any person capable of giving an accurate description of it, and was only navigated with bark canoes and batteaux," adding that "it would have been well to have built

a smaller vessel with which to sound and reconnoiter all the shelters around Lake Erie, so as to build vessels proper for the navigation, which would save great expense." The tradition has a shade of plausibility from the fact that the wreck of one small vessel (not two) is still found imbedded in the sand at the place indicated.

Sir William Johnson, who commanded at the siege and capture of Fort Niagara, on his way to Detroit in 1761, visited Navy Island, where two vessels were being built, a schooner nearly completed, and a sloop in progress. A letter from Sir William Johnson to General Gage, dated January 2nd, 1767, informs him that one of the vessels built on Navy Island and probably laid up at that place for the winter, was burnt about the first of December supposed at first by the Indians, but he says more probably by accident from a party who had visited it the day before, and not by Indians, who might have burnt both vessels as readily as one. An examination was made the day following, and the remains of the wreck found, probably where they are now, in a place out of the current, and therefore not likely to have been carried over the Falls. On the 19th of January, 1767, General Gage writes that he had received a report from Fort Niagara that the vessel had been burnt. These letters conclusively prove that the wreck, supposed to have been a French, was in fact a British vessel.

After the conclusion of the French war several vessels were built by the

British on both Lake Erie and Lake Ontario. In 1793 the names are given of four vessels then lying at Fort Erie, on one of which the United States commissioners appointed to negotiate terms of peace with the Western Indian tribes embarked. Other vessels were probably built from time to time in Canada, but none until several years later on the American shores. The first notice I can discover on this subject is derived from a narrative of my father, which I have now in my possession, as follows : In 1795 he embarked at Chippawa with three other persons on a row boat for Presque Isle (now Erie) and returned in the same manner. He was there informed, on good authority, that up to that time no American vessels had been built on Lake Erie. In 1796 he made a more extended visit to the shore of Lake Erie, with a large company and needful supplies in Mohawk batteaux, when he ascertained to a certainty that there were no American vessels on Lake Erie at date.

In regard to the American vessels built and in use before the war of 1812, having no particular personal knowledge, I am indebted to a memorandum of my father, and to certain documents in my possession. The following vessels were built on Lake Erie:

The brig Adams, built at Detroit about 1800, for the United States.

Schooner General Tracy, built at Detroit about the same year.

Sloop Niagara, built at Cayuga Creek in 1803 for the United States.

Sloop Contractor, built at Black Rock in 1803.

Schooner Mary, built at Presque Isle in 1806 or 1807.

Schooner Amelia, built at Detroit in 1806 or 1807.

Sloop Erie, built at Black Rock in 1810.

Sloop Good Will, built at Black Rock in 1811.

Schooner Eleanor, Selina and others, not recollected.

Several vessels were built by Rufus S. Reed at Erie, and by others there and elsewhere.

I have in my possession the original bills of sale of the following vessels:

Part of sloop Contractor, to August and P. B. Porter, bills of sale dated August 28, 1808.

Sloop Niagara, to Porter, Barton & Co., July 5, 1806.

Schooner General Tracy, to Porter, Barton & Co., August 29, 1808.

Schooner Mary, to Porter, Barton & Co., and James Rough, April 8, 1808.

Schooner Amelia, to Porter, Barton & Co., September 11, 1811.

The following is a list of American vessels built on Lake Ontario previous to the war of 1812.

The oldest of which I find any record was the schooner Jemima, built on the Genesee river by Eli Granger and sold to Augustus and Peter B. Porter by bill of sale in my possession, dated July 22nd, 1798.

The brig Oneida was built at Oswego for the United States, probably about 1800.

I have a list of 15 vessels built and in use previous to the war. Porter, Barton & Co., Townsend, Bronson & Co., Matthew McNair, and Thomas H. Wentworth were best known of the builders and owners.

As on Lake Erie, so on Lake Ontario, all the vessels suitable for the purpose were taken into the public service during the war, and afterwards sold and restored to the commerce of the lakes. The steamboat Ontario was the first built, soon after the war, to ply between Ogdensburg and Lewiston. In 1819 I made a passage on her from Sackett's Harbor to Lewiston. Her speed was not more than from eight to ten miles per hour. Within a few years several better and faster boats were built. Steamboats were built in Canada soon after the war for Lake Ontario.

In 1818 the steamboat Walk in the Water was built at Black Rock. Some years since Mr. O. H. Marshall informed me that he was present at the launch, a matter of great interest to the residents of Black Rock and Buffalo.

I am able to say that I was on board of the Walk in the Water while making her first attempt to ascend the Black Rock rapids. She made persevering efforts for a part of two days, without success, and was finally obliged to accept the aid of eight or ten yokes of oxen on a strong hawser to accomplish the object. The pier at Black Rock had not been built at that time, and a clear sandy beach afforded a good track for the towing teams. Of course she

was slow, and required eight or ten days for her trip to and from Detroit. She was short lived, and was succeeded by the Superior, built at Buffalo, and the Henry Clay and Pioneer at Black Rock. A number of steamboats were built soon after at Erie and Detroit and other lake ports. The names of Rufus S. Reed and his son Charles M. Reed of Erie and Oliver Newberry of Detroit are remembered as among the most enterprising and successful steamboat owners. No steamboats were built by the Canadians on Lake Erie within my knowledge for many years later. Western emigration and business travel were chiefly by steamboats until railroads were constructed to cheapen and divide business. The original side-wheels have been superseded by screw propellers and the tonnage of all freight vessels more than quadrupled.



A Chapter of Short Paragraphs

Prince Henry of Prussia made a short visit to Niagara Falls, N. Y., on the sixth day of March, 1902. About 20,000 people being present to honor the occasion.

—

The International hotel was built by B. F. Childs in 1851 and opened in mid-summer of 1852. James Shepherd was the contractor.

—

The Pavilion Hotel on the Canadian

side was burned on the 19th day of February, 1839.

The first official trip was made over the Niagara Falls Whirlpool and Northern Street Railway at 4.45 o'clock P. M., on the first day of November, 1894.

General P. Whitney built the first stairs down the bank and established the first ferry below the Falls in 1818.

The Biddle staircase, on Goat Island was built in 1829.

Berry Hill White, and George Sims, both deceased, were the first to enter the cave of the winds, July 15th, 1834.

The steam cars began running between Buffalo and Niagara Falls in 1836.

The cars commenced running between Lockport and Niagara Falls and horse cars to Lewiston in 1837. The last trip over the old strap road from Lockport to Niagara Falls was made on the 17th of June, 1852, when the cars were well filled and some of the passengers also.

John Barlow the veteran guide, after several attempts, succeeded in making a trip on the ice from the head of Goat Island to Port Day, on the 29th of February, 1896.

The first continuous trip from Buffalo to Niagara Falls on the trolley line, was made September 20th, 1895. A trial trip was made the day before.

On the 23rd day of May, 1894, Mr. John Fleming, of Lewiston, turned the first sod, at LaSalle, for Love's canal which was to furnish immense power for Model City. The power is yet to come.

Captain Usher who was living at Streets Point, in Canada and was connected with the burning of the steamer Caroline, was assassinated on December 11th, 1838.

On the 24th of May, 1902, near Mr. Angevine's house, the Niagara Falls Historical Society placed a great boulder on which was affixed a tablet bearing these words : Hereabouts, in May, 1679, Robert Cavalier de La Salle built the Griffon, of 60 tons burthen, the first vessel to sail the upper lakes. Erected by the Niagara Frontier Historical Society and presented to the Niagara Frontier Landmarks Association May, 1902. The boulder was taken from near the Portage Road, and it is not improbable that La Salle saw it when going to and from Lewiston.

The new steel arch bridge across the gorge where the famous railroad suspension bridge did duty so many years,

was completed on the 19th day of July, 1897, and on the 29th of the same month the following test was made. At 2.40 o'clock P. M., the trains started from either end and passed onto the structure. There were 26 Grand Trunk locomotives and four of the Lehigh Valley road, besides 15 cars loaded with stones, railroad iron, etc. Traffic was stopped on the lower floor of the bridge during the test, which lasted about an hour. The bridge will sustain 10,000 pounds per lineal foot. The contractors were allowed a deflection of six inches, but with the enormous weight the deviation was but a quarter of an inch.

The new suspension bridge at Lewiston was formally opened to the public with appropriate exercises on the 21st of July, 1899.

The arch of the upper bridge was completed at 10.30 o'clock on the morning of the 18th of April, 1898. It was opened to the public soon after.

On December 26, 1899, Car No. 6 of the Buffalo line, made the first trip over the Riverway line. The car was hauled over the line by a horse. James Williams of the Tower Hotel rode in the car. He was the only passenger. In front of the Tower Hotel the car stuck fast and Officer Anthony of the Reservation force placed his broad back against it and gave a boost, which sent

it flying over the obstacle. The car was taken to Canada.

William Morgan was abducted from Batavia on the 11th of September, 1826. It is supposed that he was taken to Fort Niagara where he paid the penalty for his indiscretion.

New York Central cars began running through the gorge to Lewiston on the first day of November, 1854.

The celebration in honor of General Scott was held on the 27th and 28th of July, 1852. It was estimated, that about 200,000 people participated in the celebration.

Ben Lett blew up Brock's monument in the spring of 1838. The corner stone, for the present stately shaft, was laid on the 13th of October, 1853. The monument was dedicated on the 13th of October, 1856.

At about 5 o'clock in the afternoon of the 12th of March, 1857, a passenger train went down, with the bridge, into the Desjardin canal, near Hamilton, killing about 65 people among whom were Mr. Zimmerman, the railroad king of Canada, and Mr. A. Grant a prominent citizen of Niagara Falls, N. Y. About 30 were more or less injured.

The first steam navigation of the Hydraulic Canal at Niagara Falls, N.Y., was celebrated on July 4th, 1857.

THE END.

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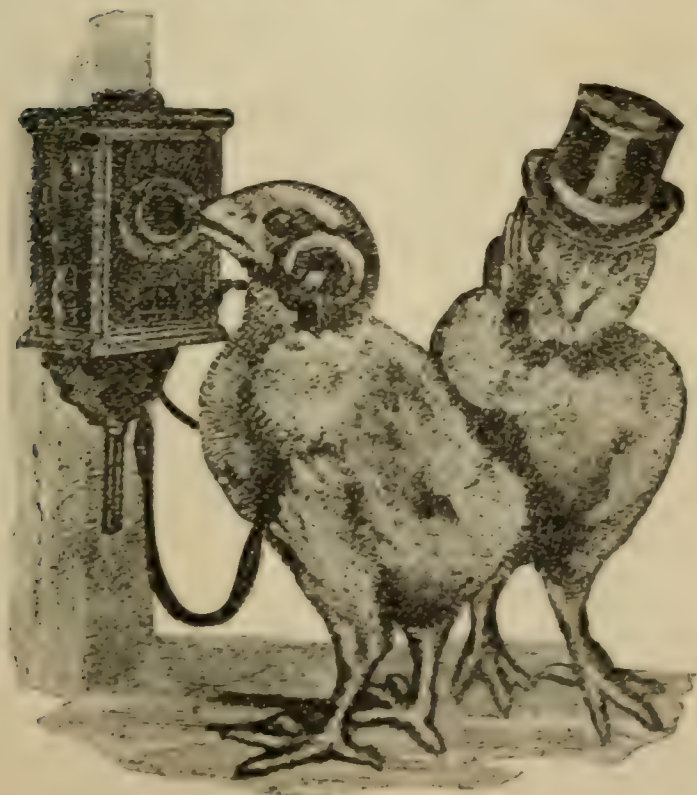
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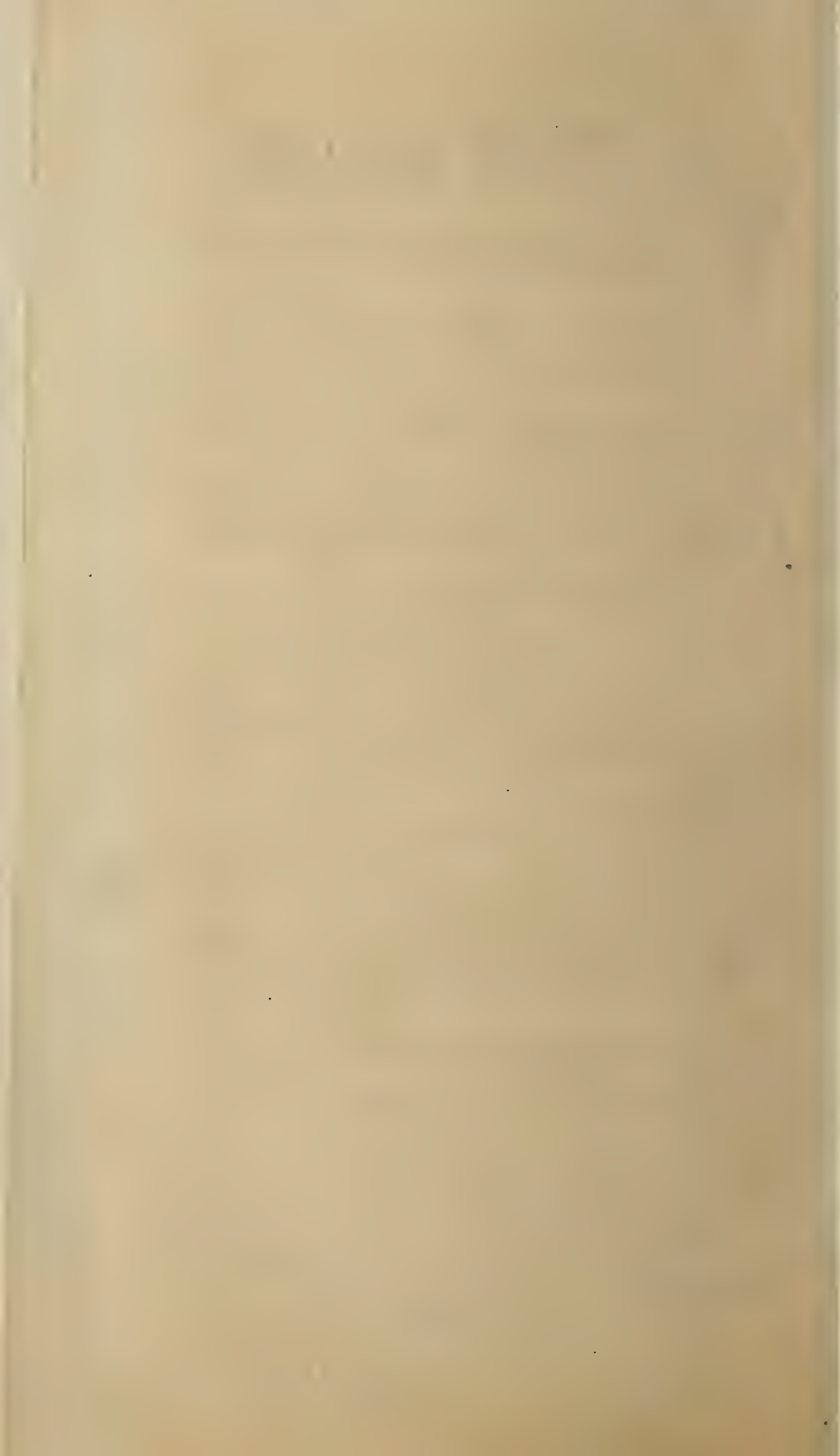
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